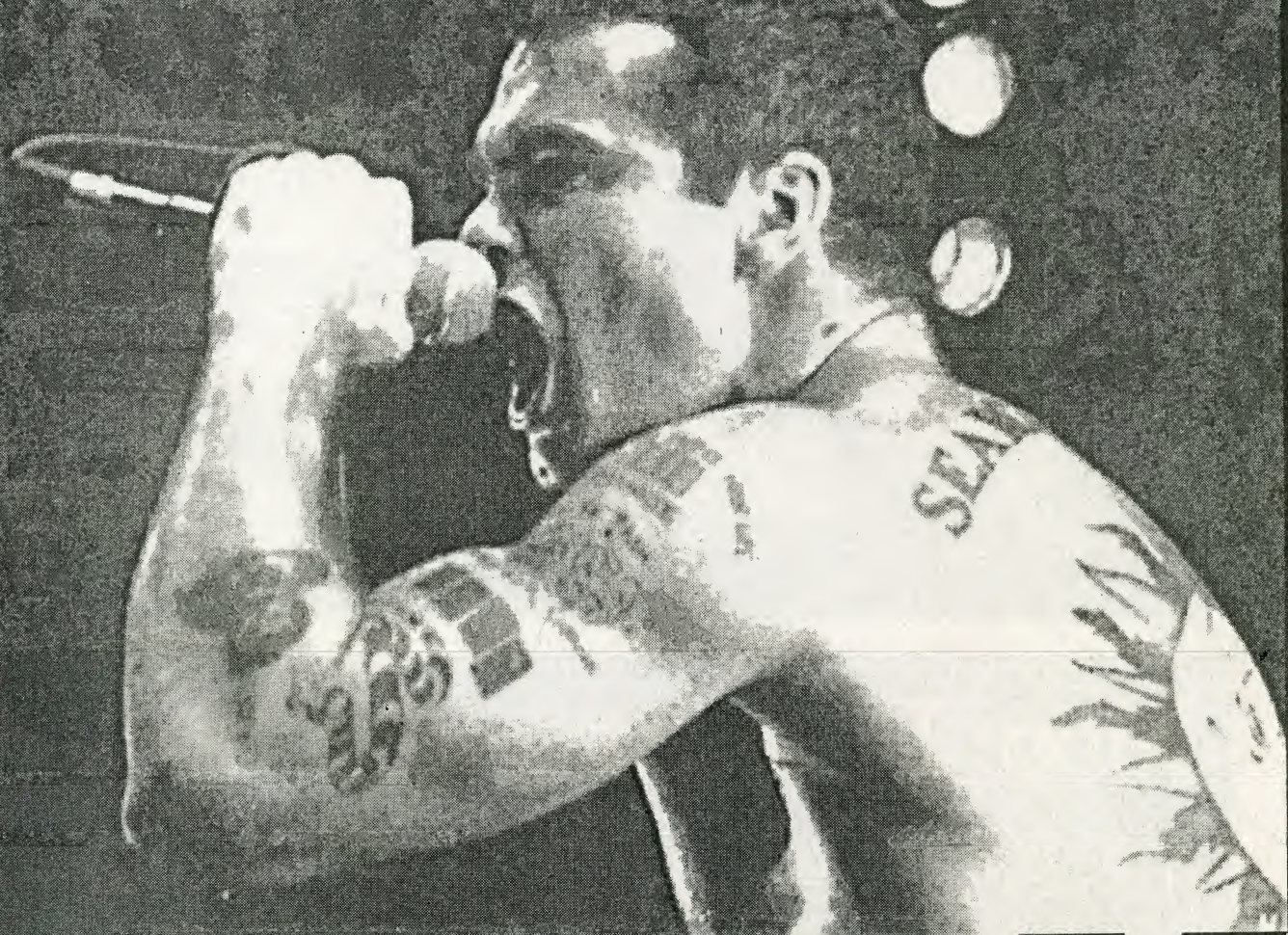


SLUG

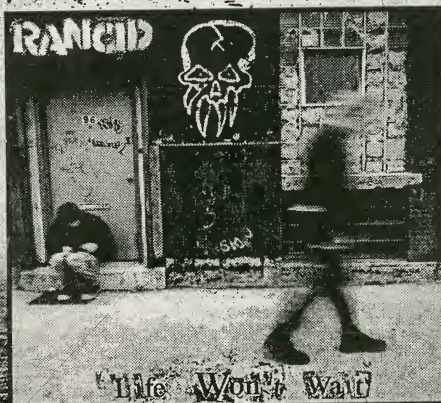


HENRY ROLLINS

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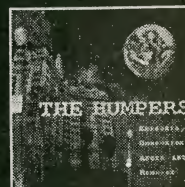
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Ghetto Blaster



New Bomb Turks
At Rope's End



Gas Huffer
Just Beautiful Music



The Humpers
Euphoria, Confusion,
Anger and Remorse



The Dwarves
Are Young and
Good Looking



Guys,

There have been some lame magazines that have come and gone in this city. And some good magazines have come and gone in this town. But I can't figure out how it is that your little rag manages to survive year after year. Is it magic?

Your faithful reader:
Billy Coggins Smith

Ed:

Yes, we perform magic, and gymnastics, and contortions. We struggle with sleep disorders, and food disorders, we continuously have to scrub the scabs off of our chest and arms. We recognize language only when it is written in English, which keeps out of trouble. We breathe water and drink fire. We are laughing demigods of the most lipid sort.

Hey Dickhead;

I have a dog that can eat a can of spaghetti-*os*, the whole thing, from the can itself. We're talking like there is nothing left in those little far away corners where food usually gets stuck unless you use a rubber spatula. Now this wonder dog has a problem. He is a bad dog. He likes to urinate on my speakers, and my groceries and on anything that I bring into the house. My question is, should I use a full sized paper like the Private Eye, or the Tribune to hit him with, or should I use a smaller paper like Slug?

Yours,
Brigette Lowengren Smith

Ed:

Using a full sized paper on a talented dog could cause emotional scaring and perhaps uncontrollable urination. If urine is the problem you are fighting then you definitely want to stick with a smaller sized paper. The trick is to

convince the dog that what is happening is an extension of "God" not of "Master." Cause if the dog thinks that "Master" is hitting him, dog will kill "Master" in sleep and then proceed to urinate everywhere. If the dog thinks "God" is hitting him, he will kill "God" in his sleep, which will liberate him from the normal feelings of despair associated with living under the thumb of organized religion. Hope that answers your question.

Yo,

I have this uncomfortable feeling everytime I read SLUG magazine, like I have become unglued, or deranged, or just plain hallucinatory. Is this a by-product of the superb writing in your paper. Or is it a chemical reaction I am experiencing from handling the chemicals used to dye the newsprint?

Thanks,
W.A. Nesbitt Smith

Ed: What you are experiencing is sometimes referred to as associative desire disorder. It is were an object, SLUG magazine for example, actually causes parts of your brain to start talking to each other, this usually happens when one reads. Images appear in the "Imagination" and "Senses" are aroused because the "Words" act as "Cues" to make the "Brain" "Recall" things that have happened in your "life". It is one of the things that happens when we read.

Editor,

Killer article on Slayer last month, too bad the Jazz had to loose again. But you know I just have to say I love Utah, and America, because Its just great to be at home in your own house, even though I rent.

Yours, Troy Russell



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AMISTAD

This could be one of the hardest movies I've ever had to watch. The opening scene is very intense. This was a great movie, with a great story. A true story. Dark and disturbing as all hell, but a great story nonetheless.

THE REPLACEMENT KILLERS

Woo Hoo! Wow. Woo. John Woo. Chow. Chow now. Chow down. Chow Yun Fat. Mira Mira on the wall, who's the hottest Sorvino of all? This movie is a little two a.m. jaunt with a very willing stranger wearing nothing but a leather jacket and a cigar.

FALLEN

More Denzel being the sexy cool man. This time a cop being chased by a Serial Killer who can meld his body into the bodies of others. Ho hum twiddly dum. Really though, this movie was pretty damn cool.

MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD & EVIL

It took awhile for me to compare this movie to something we can all understand. Imagine if you will.

You are standing in line at the Rainbo. There are four people in line in front of you. They are all writing checks for things like pencils, generic cigarettes and those little canned sausages. The guy right in front of you has a dime slot in his pants that is covered in lint. When you finally get up to the counter, you plop down your water and a Hershey bar from the cooler and Dell wants to chat with you. "Them cold chocolate bars is my favorite!" he quips. It's too late to run home screaming and you just want your stuff so you sit there praying to God that this will all be over soon. When you finally escape you feel like you just passed a watermelon through your lower intestine.

SPICE WORLD

Sporty, Ginger, Scary, Baby, Posh reveal their real names. Spooky, Jiggly, Scabby, Scaby and Posh. What a movie. Saw it twice. Love the legs and the really big shoes.

RAIN MAKER

This was the best movie of the month, and one of the best this year. Even the now lame Mickey Rourke is good. Danny DeVito and Matt Damon track down insurance company scum. Lots of good story and character scenes, and of course good court room drama. Don't miss this movie.

THE POSTMAN

Kevin Costner is a fucking moron with way too much money and time on his hands. People are unemployed in this country and this bastard is throwing money into the toilet to make movies like this.

SCREAM 2

All new cast, all new villain, all new plot, nothing like the first one. How's that? Did ya like that? HUH!!!!?? Did ya like that huh??!!!!



Mr. Pink is
on the web...

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Reverend Horton Heat

The Reverend Horton Heat is coming to Salt Lake City on July 11 when the Warped Tour pulls into town. I made an appointment for a "phoner" with the Interscope people and I was expecting the Reverend. I've spoken to him before and I was looking forward to another conversation because he has the best stories. He can tell stories about rockabilly heroes from the '50s that curl hair. Imagine my surprise when the Interscope dude said, "I've got Jimbo right here, are you ready for him?" "Fuck, I guess, but where's the Reverend?" I know some "more professional journalists" would whine and cry about talking to the bass cat, but hell I don't care. I've never talked to Jimbo and he's at least as cool as the band's former drummer Taz Bentley. I'll talk to Taz anytime and anyplace. So I talked to Jimbo and while he couldn't answer every question he did pretty damn good. I'm writing this one as a total "fanzine" piece - transcribe the tape and let it fly. Since the interview took place in May skipping the Warped information is appropriate. Let's get to it.

SLUG: "Have you seen Taz lately?" Jimbo: "Yeah, he lives in my neighborhood. He just had a baby, a baby girl." Congratulations to Taz! Of course his wife deserves more congratulations because she's the one who had the baby. SLUG: "He's not in Tenderloin anymore." Jimbo: "No Tenderloin just broke up, that was one of my favorite bands too." Is that an understatement? Tenderloin was a fucking great band! Taz: "I think Ernie's going to start something else though...the singer."

SLUG: "The Buddha man?" Jimbo: "Uh huh!"

SLUG: "Let's get started then, I've never talked to you before, actually I've never met you."

Jimbo: "Well you'll have to come up and introduce yourself, where are you calling from?"

SLUG: "Salt Lake City."

Jimbo: "Salt Lake City, yeah, we played out there a few times." At least twice a year I believe.

SLUG: "Are you on the Warped Tour?"

Jimbo: "Yeah, we're gonna be doing that this summer, the Warped Tour, I'm looking forward to it."

SLUG: "Do you know what dates?"

Jimbo: "I think we're doing the whole thing, as far as I know. But I know one thing I'm looking forward to is, we're hooking up with the Ozzfest in Minneapolis. So it will be the Warped Tour/Ozzfest combined and I can't wait to try and meet Ozzie."

SLUG: "You're doing both Warped and Ozzfest?" Jimbo: "Well, they join up in one city, in Minneapolis, together for one day. So that's gonna be kind of cool." SLUG: "Wow, that would be really nice. That won't happen here. We can't even get the Ozzfest through here. They're afraid of it in Salt Lake, too much Satan." Jimbo: "Why can't you get the Ozzfest through there?"

SLUG: "They're afraid of Satan."

Jimbo: "Oh yeah?"

SLUG: "This is a very conservative town."

Jimbo: "Why do they let us play there?"

SLUG: "They don't know about you. They haven't figured that one out yet."

Jimbo: "Oh, I see."

SLUG: "Has the Reverend quit smoking?"

Jimbo: "Oh yeah, he's quit smoking. He hasn't smoked for about a year now."

SLUG: "I knew he'd quit smoking Camel studs and the last time you were here he wasn't smoking at all. That's good for him, he's healthier."

Jimbo: "Much healthier. Now if I could quite we'd be set."

SLUG: "You're still smoking?" Jimbo: "Yep, smoke like a chimney."

SLUG: "How does that work on the bus, does the drummer smoke...Scott?"

Jimbo: "Well if one person's smoking we just wait until that guy's finished and we open the window. We're talking about all of our bad habits."

SLUG: "Your song 'Lie Detector' is on the radio."

Jimbo: "Oh it is? I saw that several markets picked it up recently so that's kinda fun."

SLUG: "How do you feel about 'Lie Detector' on the radio with Big Bad Voodoo Daddy and the Cherry Poppin' Daddies?"

Jimbo: "Well, we don't sound like either one of those bands. Maybe there's hope for roots music to be on the radio, you know? We've always had good college airplay, but as far as major radio, it's kind of eluded us. But the fans still come out and that's what's really important to us anyway."

As mentioned at the beginning I was looking for stories and Jimbo gave one up. The Reverend isn't the only member of the band with a story or two and I hope I didn't offend Jimbo when I said that the Reverend had all the stories. When I thought up the question I

was hoping he (the Reverend) would come up with another one about Johnny Cash or Carl Perkins (R.I.P.) blowing up hotel toilets with firecrackers. SLUG: "You've worked with Gibby Haynes and Al Jourgensen in the past. Do their rock and roll lifestyles match those of Johnny Cash or Jerry Lee Lewis back in the '50s?"

Jimbo: "Well, let's see. Probably everything you've heard about Al Jourgensen is true. Gibby Haynes, we had a lot of fun with him. We were drinking Bloody Mary's in the control room and, back when we used to drink when we recorded and we ran out of tomato juice for the Bloody Mary's. We had some barbecue sitting there that we'd catered in and a big gallon jar of barbecue sauce so Gibby got this crazy idea to make this barbecue and vodka drink that he called a Bloody Leeroy - Leeroy's Barbecue and he stuck a rib bone in it for a garnish. The whole trip to that was you had to add enough vodka in there to dilute the barbecue sauce enough to drink it. That was kind of crazy. A new drink was invented that day." Nicely done Jimbo, not only does he slap the hell out of a bass, but he has a story or two to tell as well.

SLUG: "You guys do a lot of instrumentals. Every album has instrumentals. Have you ever thought of putting them all together on one CD?" Jimbo: "That might be real cool. It would have to be two different record companies 'cause we started out on Sub Pop and we're on Interscope now so we'd have to get them to work together to do something like that, but that would be cool. You could make a tape at home for yourself like that. I thought putting all the country songs

together would be kind of fun too."

SLUG: "Why not just do a box-set, *Reverend Horton Heat Country and Instrumentals*? I have some questions about a couple of *Space Heater* songs. What's the inspiration for 'Couch Surfing'?"

Jimbo: "Well, you know, if you live in our neighborhood and we got a lot of friends that are jobless and they want to come and crash on your couch. I guess we've all experienced that, you come home and they've eaten all of your food and drank all your beer and made a mess of the place. That's basically what that story's about."

SLUG: "What kind of car does the Reverend have at home? Doesn't he have a vintage car?"

Jimbo: "Oh yeah, let's see. Jim's got a 1950 Ford, baby blue, and it's got all the door handles shaved on the side so it's got a 'kick plate' in it. You walk up and kick underneath the car and the door pops open. He's working on a '32, I guess a Ford roadster, a high-boy. I guess he's basically got the frame going and the engine and that's his hot rod." SLUG: "How about you?" Jimbo: "I've got a 1970 Chevy truck."

SLUG: "Is it customized?" Jimbo: "Nope, it's green and it's beat up, but it kind of fits with living in Texas." I'll skip some boring stuff about living the rockabilly lifestyle and the whole trad. vs. psycho subject and move on to something of more interest to SLUG readers because you poor bastards don't know what the fuck anyway.

SLUG: "You don't tape your fingers do you?"

Jimbo: "Nope, I guess I've been doing it long enough that I've got calluses on my fingers, but there was a time when I used to bleed all

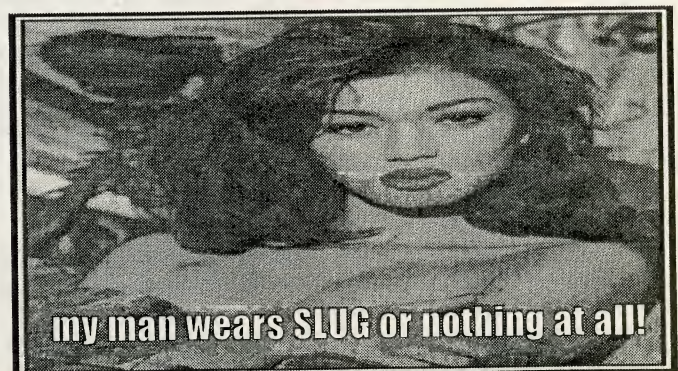
over. SLUG: "Did you ever tape them?"

Jimbo: "I did at one point after the blisters got so bad that I bought that medical tape, but that falls off after awhile if you play really hard and sweat. I just said, 'fuck it, I'm gonna make calluses'" SLUG: "How many basses do you have?" Jimbo: "Well, let's see. I've got with flames and one with hot rod scallops and then I got a natural wood one. I'm working on three right now." SLUG: "Which one do you play the most?" Jimbo: "I've been playing the one with flames on it for this tour because it's beat up, its got holes in it from where the Rev's foot's gone through it and a bottle hit it, but it has a lot of character, it's like a war wagon. It's served me well so I keep playing it." SLUG: "What's the other one painted with?" Jimbo: "The other one is metal flake green, I got it painted at a hot rod shop and it's got these white scallops on it. It's kind of like flames, but they're not curvy, they're just straight and pointy." SLUG: "I'm curious about one more song on the new CD, 'Texas Rockabilly Rebel.' The Reverend is singing about the Chisholm Trail. Do you know the original lyrics to that song?" Jimbo: "I sure don't, nope. I think that song is kind of about his car too. That's what he's gonna call his car, the one he's working on

right now, the '32." SLUG: "That's what he's going to call his car? I was just curious about the song because the 'Chisholm Trail' is an old 'smut' song with some nasty, dirty lyrics. Something about 'I fucked her standing and I fucked her lying, if she'd had wings I'd have fucked her flying...she scratched her cunt on a barbed wire fence.'" Jimbo: "I'll have to look that one up."

Look it up Jimbo and ask the Reverend if he knows it. Jimbo did an excellent job, don't you think? It wouldn't be the Reverend Horton Heat without Jimbo slappin' that bass either. For those who believe that the band doesn't have any roots in country or rockabilly music at this point in their careers I recommend a listen to "Pride Of San Jacinto" the opening instrumental and "The Prophet Stomp," the tenth track. It's still a "Psychobilly Freakout" after all these years and I can't wait for this year's Warped Tour so I can see the Reverend Horton Heat once again. Since the gig is outdoors with plenty of space the "swing dancers" can do their thing when the Rev gets busy with the hillbilly and the "punks" can gape in awe.

—Whilley



Grass Dismissed

By Joe Brannin

The only column in SLUG endorsed by the SPICE GIRLS.

FUCK ON THE BEACH

Fastcore on the Beach
7" (White vinyl through mailorder)

This Nipponese whirlwind of pummel-core is a blistering assault of aural audacity. F.O.T.B. take no prisoners and pull no punches. Each of the 14 tunes crammed onto these seven inches of vinyl is guaranteed to turn even the most tempered power violence fan into a sniveling weenie begging for mercy. The high frenzy content and unbridled barbarism of F.O.T.B. bring to mind the likes of fellow fastcore gurus SLIGHT SLAPPERS or even CHARLES

BRONSON. I marvel at how bands like this can combine whimsical humor and enraged fury. Forget subtlety and don't worry about introspection, F.O.T.B. lay it all on the line and I love every second of it! (Slap-A-Ham Records POB 420843 SF, CA 94142-0843 or <http://www.wenet.net/~slapaham> or slapaham@wenet.net)

SADISTIC TORMENT

Unearthly Horrors
CD

In spite of less than perfect production on "Unearthly Horrors," SADISTIC TORMENT are in top form. Their technical death is reminiscent of the infamous Florida sound but with a distinctly yankee flair (the band hail from Maryland after all). Their tornado of tinnitus is built around the shredding guitar work of Sparky Voyles and Jake Tatarakis who keep things moving with plenty of innovative and crushing riffs. The bass and drums suffer the most from the production shortcomings (especially on the first five songs) but are solid performances nonetheless. The last five songs were recorded at a different studio and the rhythm section fairs much better although the songs themselves are

older and not quite as distinctive. Handling the microphone is Vinnie Mathews, who is without a doubt one of my favorite death/grind vocalists. He records with (at least) three different projects, all of which are top notch. He is always warped and sick but at the same time has an uncanny ability to adapt his voice to the needs of the material. This CD is worth your investment for his contributions alone. (Wild Rags 2207 Whittier Rd., P.O. Box 3302, Montebello CA 90640 or dickcee@webtv.net)

DISARRAY

Spreading the Death Plague
Cassette

This is the third demo from DISARRAY that I have been privileged to hear. This live recording is a "for the fans" release as a treat to tide everyone over until the next studio release.

DISARRAY are in fine form on "Spreading the Death Plague". Their flavor of heavy thrash with death overtones is considered passé by many a metal fan but for those with a respect for the old school this is great. In addition to the machine gun guitars, hammering rhythms and raw vocals, DISARRAY show that they have plenty of anger and attitude. Be sure to check out their track on the High Radiation #3 compilation from Independent Records out of Portugal. (Inner Void Records POB 975, Dickson, TN 37055)

AVULSED

Cybergore
CD

The increasing trend of releasing remix albums has spread to the legitimate death metal underground. This CD is a techno remix of AVULSED's "Eminence in Putrescence." The combination of sick,

low-tuned crunch and pulsing techno is interesting if not a bit odd. It certainly isn't anything new to combine really heavy guitars and techno but this is more than heavy guitars... This is the type of sick and brutish metal that I would guess most raving club hoppers have never experienced before. If you like AVULSED or enjoy remix CDs I can't see why you wouldn't like this. (Repulse Records POB 14356, San Luis Obispo, CA 93406-4356 or

<http://www.fix.net/~death/repulse.htm> or repulse-usa@fix.net)

NO FUN AT ALL

The Big Knockover
CD

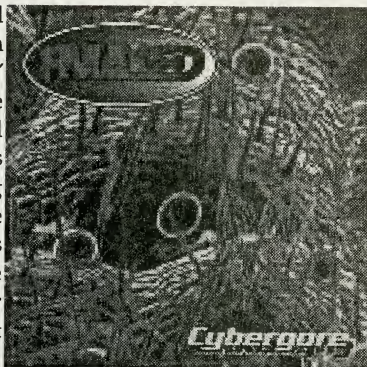
If ever a band's moniker was a misnomer, this is it! There is definitely not a lack on

fun to be had with this band! Their pop punk is tremendously rich and inspiring. No three chord pop here folks. This is complex rock 'n roll with keen and innovative melodies and harmonies. Their hooks are clever and executed with a class that brings to mind the likes of NO USE FOR A NAME or BAD RELIGION... although NO FUN AT ALL are probably more punchy than either of the comparisons.

They show particular flair on tunes like "Suicide Machine" and "Sorry Lad." Lyrically the band have stitched together some very interesting ideas, for example in "Should Have Known" the band examine how an activist mentality can rob a person of a sense caring for the people around them. The icing on the cake for this disc is

the fact that NO FUN AT ALL can rock their asses off. "Everything Inside", "Lose Another Friend", "Everything Inside", "Away From The Circle", and "Feeble Mind" are all gonna fry your shorts. Punks of every flavor and persuasion flat out NEED this disc. A candidate for album of the year. Not bad for a band that started out as a hobby.

(Theologian P.O. Box 1070 Hermosa Beach, CA 90254 or <http://www.theologianrecords.com>)



My Secret Affair With Mayor Deedee Corradini!

For the past few years, I've been dealing with my own little internal struggle. Whether or not to keep the best thing that has ever happened to me a secret. Sure, if I had let the world know, it would have ruined her marriage, but it probably would have helped her in the polls come election time. Not that she would have needed it, since she rigged the vote. This is one of the many little tidbits of information she would blurt out in the midst of passion, with her head all tilted back. Sweat glistening on her manlike body, while she rode me like a Kentucky Derby hopeful.

"Mush! You huskies!" She would scream between admissions of guilt to whatever scandal she happened to be in at the time.

Also things like "Batten down the hatches!" "I'm not my brother's keeper!" "No use crying over spilt milk. Now get the lead out!" "What am I paying you for!" "Are you on the clock or not!" "Clean before you lean!" My personal favorite, "This is going to hurt you more than it's going to hurt me!" And of course, "If you tell anyone I cut the cheese I'll make you dead!" All of which would drive me crazy and help me perform to the best of my abilities. Our forbidden love grew like a certain part of my body at the mere whisper of her name. I'm not usually into felching either, but I would do just about anything to be by her side.

As time passed during this torrid affair, I noticed a change in her behavior. I don't know if it was stress from the office or just the usual stress of coming up with new and creative ways to screw the public all the time. I finally had enough and told her, "You can screw the public later! Right now you're screwing me!"

I think she liked me taking charge like that because she told me, "Get up off your knees, quit crying and apologizing, and take me. Take me right here on these shredded documents!"

This was only the start. It just got kinkier from there. We made love on laundered money while playing hide the presidents, on piles of food originally meant for the homeless while playing hide the lima beans, and once we went so far as to do it next to her unaware, sleeping husband at her estate while playing button, button, who's got the button?

I didn't mind all the experimentation until she proposed a threesome with only two candidates to choose from. I felt like I was voting. That whole lesser of two evils thing and all. The choices were between Jan Graham and ex-Salt Lake County District Attorney Neal Gunnarson. Since I have no homosexual tendencies (except with Deedee) and had to choose only between the both them, I chose the more feminine of the two.

What a romp that was! Three bodies twisting, contorting, and writhing all over each other. Neal Gunnarson did things that make me quiver still, just thinking about it.

Then the fights started happening and Deedee went into a depression, thinking that I was getting a little too attached to Neal.

"You love him more than me. Don't You."

"I don't love him baby." I replied. "What Neal and I have together isn't about love, it's purely sexual. Nothing else. You're the one I love."

"Why didn't you choose Jan Graham instead! Why couldn't it have been Jan. Why!"

"Ohh baby. You know I don't swing that way."

Days passed and I haven't heard from Deedee since that last and final fight, except to be informed that my life is in danger as a result of knowing too much information about the scandals and the real reason Neal Gunnarson was dismissed from his position. But what kind of life would I have without the only person I have ever loved. I am already dead.

Deedee, if you're reading this, know that I would never purposely do anything to harm you. I love you way too much. I would climb the highest mountain, swim the widest sea, and all those other cheesy lyrics that keep popping up in songs over the years. That's right! All of them! You can trust me to keep your dirty little secrets. Besides, no one would believe me if I went to the press and spilled the beans about your plan to congregate the world's officials all in one place come 2002, and take over the planet with your weather controlling device. I would just come across as crazy. Then again maybe I am crazy. Crazy in love with you. So put away your highly paid assassins. You won't need them anymore, because if I can't have you, I'll take care of the job they were paid to do for you. Please reconsider. I longingly await your reply. Your eternal slave of the heart,

—Ray M.



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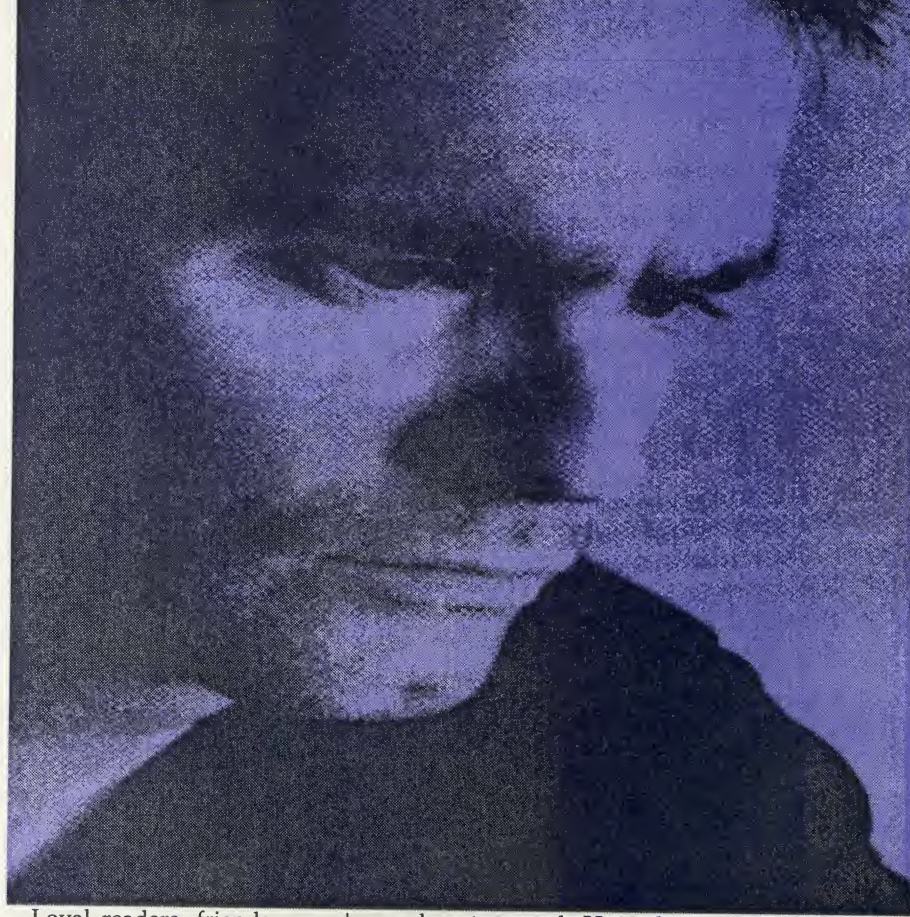
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Henry Rollins

The Interview

Part One



Loyal readers, friends, poser's, punks and losers, pay attention.

Thanks to Heidi at 2.13.61 Publications, I was able to do something I've wanted to do for many years. And that was to sit down with that human steam roller, that rising-man incinerator, Mr. Henry Rollins on a one on one and just shoot him questions. He was at his L.A. headquarters, I was at one of the swanky night spots in downtown Salt Lake that the SLUG hacks so often frequent, (yea, right).

We had a great conversation covering everything from Black Flag to Black Sabbath, to Miles Davis and Jazz to the written word. This is part one of two. So that means you are going to have to read SLUG twice, in two consecutive months to get the full story. Speaking of the writ-

ten word, Henry has a new book coming out called Solipsist, (emphasis on the first syllable.) It will be released sometime this month.

Slug: Tell me about the title of your new book Solipsist.

Henry Rollins: It's a book I started in the summer of 1993. The inspiration for the book comes from the definition of the title, Solipsist, which is someone that thinks the world is merely an extension of themselves. Which is the way I feel sometimes in the city. It's like when you're riding on a subway in New York. You figure this urban hell is just nothing but this thing that has been created to make you insane. So I started writing from a very claustrophobic, obsessive point of view and the project took about

three years to write. I finished it in 1996 and let it sit for about a year to see if I still liked it. I started reading it in late '97 and decided I still liked it and we're putting it out. It's a series of weird essay's and stuff.

Slug: Did you redo anything or touch up anything when you re-read it, or did you pretty much just leave it in it's original form?

HR: I did some re-writes. Always with me there are a lot of sentences that can always use strengthening. I've learned that a lot of writing is in the re-write. The idea might be good, but you've got to give it some time and really refine it.

Slug: Right. I had a college English professor that called that the 'cooling off period.'

HR: Yea, and I've never done it before, until a couple of books ago and looking back I probably should have done it long before then. It's like, have you ever written a letter to the girl, or whatever and you drop it in the mail box and as soon as that little door swings, you're like oh fuck, I shouldn't have sent that! Anytime I'm writing a letter with any kind of intensity, if somebody has angered me or whatever, I give it that two day cooling off period. Then I re-read it and I usually amend it.

Slug: You still keep the basic structure of what you wanted to say, you just strengthen it.

HR: Yea, anybody's writing could use a little polish. I re-read stuff and it's always better when I apply myself to the rewrite.

Slug: I'm going to shift gears here. How many hardcovers did you print of 'Get In The Van'?

HR: I think the initial print run of that was 20,000.

For those of you who are coming to the party late, Get In The Van, On The Road With Black Flag is Henry's coffee table book of journal entries, photos and memories of his years with Black Flag. The initial hard cover book is now out of print. The first edition was published in 1994. If you are either a Black Flag fan, or a Rollins' fan, this book is a must. Soft cover is still available through 2.13.61 publications and who knows, maybe they have a hard cover or two still knockin around the office that they would dust off and sell to you, if the price is right.

Slug: How do you feel about Get In The Van? Is that something that you are

pleased with?

HR: Yea. I worked a very long time on that book. I had to type in all those journal entries and I'm not the world's fastest typist. I took that manuscript on the road for a couple of years on tour. Those chapters at the beginning, I just basically have to tell the story because it's before I had a journal. I remember at one point, the summer of '93 writing one of those chapters in this room I was living in, in New York City, realizing that a year from then I was still going to be working on that book. And it really just hit me. It felt like somebody just threw 40 extra pounds into my backpack. It was like, 'ah man this thing will never be done.' But, I'll never forget when we got the first case of books back from Hong Kong, me and my friend Gary cracked it open and we pulled the first book out and opened it up and we were very pleased.

Slug: Yea, well, I think it looks great. I love the photos you put in there. I think the photos and the layout look excellent.

HR: I would love to revise it someday on account of we've received some really cool photos since that book has been published. People keep sending in really cool photos. The shots I really like are the ones that people send in over the years, just from the crowd, or those odd shots.

Slug: Tell me who is on the best seller list for 2.13.61 Publications.

HR: Me.

Slug: You are, huh? Well, you've got more books than anyone else, right?

HR: Yea, but I'm the one with the highest profile, unfortunately. I wish it was not the case. I wish a lot of the writers were selling as much as me. There are a lot of writers on the label whose books don't sell as much as I would like and I think that they are so good. Like the Ian Shoales book; it's just really amazing and it sells O.K., it sells fine, but when you read it, there's no way you can't like it. I really defy anyone not to like it. He's just too damn funny. My personal favorite guy on the label is a guy named Don Bajema, (pronounced Bi-muh).

Slug: Yea, I've read both his books.

HR: Yea, that second book, Reach, that's my favorite piece of work on the label. I love that book.

Slug: I was going to say you've done a great thing by bringing a lot of writers out of obscurity and introducing them to people that otherwise would never have

heard of or read these writers. Don Bajema is one of my favorites, I love Boy In The Air as much as I love Reach.

HR: Aah, that is so cool to hear. He's working on more stuff, he just e-mailed me a chapter and it's just fantastic. So right now, he's writing very well and hoping to have another novel finished this year.

Slug: That's great!

HR: Yea, I think he's really something.

Slug: When I first read Boy In The Air, that was a few years ago, but it took me by surprise. When you came through Salt Lake on a spoken word show, I think Don Bajema was with you and he did a few minutes.

HR: Yea, May of '92. I had a month off from the band and we went out and did some spoken word shows. We were at DV8 or something.

Slug: Yea, exactly. So I see Don Bajema and I've got a visual image of him. He works out and he's a pretty hard dude, and yet when I read Boy In The Air, I'm surprised at the innocence and fragileness that comes through, and I love that.

HR: Yea, he's a very vulnerable, open guy in this like serious human cage of a body. I mean he's really....well, let's just say I wouldn't want to get on the wrong end of that guy's temper. He could throw you around the room. But he's really, surprisingly vulnerable which is good for a writer, ya know? He's great to hang out with, he's just a real blast.

Slug: Spin Magazine June 1985, 'Thank Heaven For 7-11' and July 1985 'Desperately Seeking Something...' I know this is going back quite a few years, but they are two articles you wrote for Spin, and this stuff is funny as shit. It's also some of the very first things I read from you.

HR: It was the first time I put anything out.

Slug: I've read a lot of different interviews from you and I've read a lot of your books. In fact, I had Jealous Again by Black Flag before you even joined the band.

HR: Me too.

Slug: You too?

HR: Yea, (Henry laughing...)

Slug: That's how you got into it, right?

HR: Yea.

Slug: Anyway, your books are different than your funny side. But you've got this really funny, humorous side to you. Is this funny side ever going to surface in your books? Like I said, especially those

two articles, they are just way funny.

HR: Yea, this book I'm working on now is a book on travel articles. So far the biggest part of it is on this trip I took to Africa last year. There's some funny parts in there, like some funny stories of some of the safaris I went on. Usually the writing has been for me a vehicle to get out the not so funny stuff. On stage, in performance mode I just don't know how valid it would be for an audience to be sitting and have some guy stand there and be all in their face and intense on them for like, an hour. There's a lot of serious points I try and get to when I'm on stage but in the spirit of not trying to take myself too seriously and not trying to be too pretentious I try and lighten things up a bit. And also the fact I just can't help myself up on stage, give me a microphone, I'm going to start, you know, being a goof, that's just how it is.

Slug: Yea, because like you said, some of those moments come across lighter than you might want them to be, but you always nail home some serious points.

HR: Yea, I always try and mix it up because if it's just going to be funny then that's just some stand up comedy and that's O.K. if you just want to go out with your date and laugh. I was always into the people who kinda made you laugh and made you work a little like Lenny Bruce or Richard Pryor. It was funny but it had some weight to it, and that's a hard line to walk because you have to be so good. A guy like Lenny Bruce, he'll always be my hero as far as a guy on stage with a microphone. I don't think anyone swung harder than him.

There you have it, people of the Wasatch Front! Henry Rollins, part I.

Watch for Part II of The Rollins' interview in the next issue of SLUG.

And if you just can't wait until August, call the 2.13.61 Publications Hotline for all the updated info on writers, books, and Spoken Word shows. The Hotline Number for 2.13.61 Publications is 213.969.8043. If you would like to order something, dial 1.800.99.2.13.61. And let me just add, these people at 2.13.61 are all over it. Henry runs a tight ship. Everytime I order something from them I always get it, El Pronto! One of the best mail order companies you will ever deal with. Don't melt in the heat, drink plenty of fluids and I'll see ya next month.

—Royce

Lame Ass Concert PreVuze

Lame Ass Concert Previews

As usual I'll begin with information on "what-you-missed." "You" haven't missed a heck of a lot so far this month and neither have I. **Moses Guest**, a bunch of hippies who whined over a SLUG trashing, returned to Park City and etc. They still suck. The NXNW preliminaries and finals were held. I didn't care enough to attend. It isn't a conspiracy, it never was and the only individuals promoting a "conspiracy theory" either work for the sponsor or play in shit local bands. The "judges" these days are *City Weekly* advertisers. There won't be a *Showdown to NXNW* disc because the *Showdown to SXSW* CD was a commercial disaster. Pick up a free copy at *Showdown to SXSW '99*. What else can "one" do except give the "dog" away?

Man Or Astroman? played at the Bar and ...sorry ...Spanky's ...Grill... sorry...Bricks...sorry...at the Holy Cow? Contrary to all the advance press on **UltraBabyFat** in other more "esteemed" rags **Man Or Astroman?** was the band to see. Any band, local or otherwise, hoping for Salt Lake City "press" is encouraged to add a female. Have her sit in a chair on stage if nothing else. "They" will still write about the band because there's a female sitting in a chair on stage. Too bad most *SLUG* readers saw Huey Lewis in Provo on July 4 while all the "critics" left after **UltraBabyFat** and missed **Man Or Astroman?** I am not against females in bands. I listen to the music first and look for gender after. This is not a typical local attitude.

What's coming? Ba-a-a-ah. Ba-a-a-a-ah. Moo-o-o-o-o. The flock used to follow Jesus. Now "The Flock" is a fixture on **WCW's Monday Nitro** and they will be here on July 20. A.M. talk radio has promoted the concept of sheep almost since I can remember. I believe Joe Redburn was the first in about '67? More than 30 years later the ba-a-a-a-ing is so loud that the music can barely get through. July has a bunch of shit. July began with shit and July ends with shit. Anymore it's all about shit. Shit here, shit there, some wino shit on the street, some shit band playing for 65,000 people at the Delta Center and the daily newspaper's "critics" cover it as if they too were ba-a-a-a-ing sheep. Their words appear as little pellets of sheep shit on the page. Sheep do shit pellets, just like rabbits

and since "they" breed like rabbits in Salt Lake City and "they" all live in little boxes, little boxes and they all look just the same (Pete Seeger anyone?) – it all sounds just the same.

What to see? What to do? One Wednesday evenings there are local bands at the Gallivan Center. It's called "Come Alive After 5." On Tuesday evenings there are local bands at Trolley Square. It's called "Tuesday Tunes at Trolley." On July 8 both **Lee Rocker** and the **Hillbilly Hellcats** are in town. Two rockabilly bands in one night? My hell! What a concept! Is this San Francisco or something? Most will attend **Rocker** – not because of the music and not because he plays rockabilly because he

know what to call it. Live and on stage it's about entertainment. The music is a soundtrack. Draw straws for the night's entertainment or see all three.

July 9 is a Thursday. This means more music than anyone can manage. It all starts at 8 PM with **James Cotton** and **Philadelphia Jerry Ricks** at the Gallivan Center. That's the free one. **Garth Brooks** plays his first big Delta Center "concert." *SLUG* will attend. Watch for the photo spread in August. After either show take your pick. **Sister Hazel**, another one for the sheep, is supposedly at the Hard Rock Cafe. **Slobberbone**, a band from Denton, Texas that probably hates sheep is at Spanky's. This is the one to see. I'll call **Slobberbone**

"redneck-rock-and-roll-country-soul" and hymns for the heart. **Box Set** and the **Wonderstuff** are at the Zephyr. The **Wonderstuff?** Since the Gallivan Center gig will attract a less-than-musically-astute "whine and cheese" crowd, if past experiences are a benchmark, they'll all head to the Zephyr in a sheep-like flock. The next night, Friday, July 10, Spanky's, a club "Jess and Lu" of the *Deseret News* cannot figure out, wins again. "Jess and Lu" need to stop following the pellets and discover "what's hot." Attitude is Spanky's. Music is Spanky's. Catch up, or on, please. The **Damnations**, like **Slobberbone**, are from Texas. They probably



hate sheep too and they will play music ranging from rock to roll to country to Appalachia. Two females front the group. Watch for the "press." It's a Friday night, the eve of **Warped** and **Carolyn Wonderland** is the second reason for celebration. She too, is from Texas; Houston as a matter of fact. Her latest publicity photo has the Joplin on display. Joplin does not mean hippie. The girl plays blues-rock. In spite of the venue and the appearance **Wonderland** isn't music for **Dead Goat** regulars. What will the "press" do? There are two bands with females in town on the same night! "My God," they squeal, "I need more column inches." Or something.

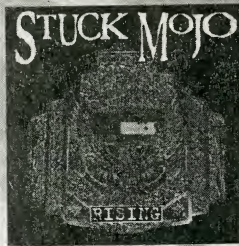
Now for **Warped**. **Ozomatli** is the band to see. Next on the list, in no particu-

WELCOME TO THE SUBTERRANEAN SECT



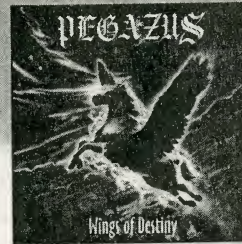
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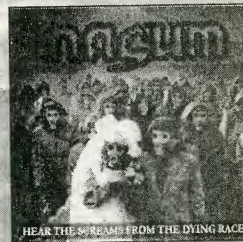
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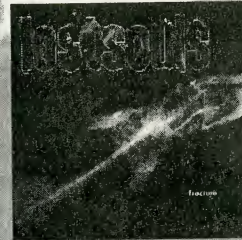
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"THE ART OF SOUND"

lar order, are **Bad Religion**, **CIV**, **Reverend Horton Heat**, **Strung Out**, **Unwritten Law**, **Tilt** (female vocalist, watch the "press"), **Frenzal Rhomb**, the **Deftones**, **NOFX** and **Def Con**. There are a bunch of ska bands playing too. It's probably best to head over to the ramps or videos whenever horns, **Rancid**, or the **Cherry Poppin' Daddies** appear on stage. I like the **Cherry Poppin Daddies**, don't misunderstand, but that disc and their show? It was here a year ago. MTV and the radio have ruined the Daddies for me. I'm tired of it. Please allow one correction. The band **Ozomatli** features horns. They are the one band with horns to see at Warped.

After Warped there's shit, shit, shit for an entire week. **Sonia Dada**, **Gordon Lightfoot**, **Savage Garden**, **Van Halen**, **Yes** and **Creed** are all playing one place or another. Of the group **Sonia Dada** is the only one worth investigating. *My Secret Life* is the new disc and it is saved by gospel, but oh shit. There's a female vocalist. More damn "press." Sheep shit does make good fertilizer. Gardeners collecting fertilizer and sheep are the only people expected at any of these shows. **Atomic Deluxe** offers some relief at the Zephyr on July 15 with the **Mac Swanky Trio** at Liquid Joe's offering still more. **Little Mike and the Tornadoes** at the Dead Goat open the sad week. As the weekend approaches things begin to look up. **Balfa Toujours** is at the Gallivan Center on Thursday with Cajun music for the "whine and cheerers." **Deadbolt** in Ogden on Thursday and in Provo on Friday will play trashed up surf and garage. In Salt Lake we can settle for the **Jackmormons** at the Zephyr, the **Zillionaires** with the **Shuman Equation** at Spanky's and **Asleep at the Wheel** at the Westerner. All play on Friday night. But wait, there's one more and it's at Burt's where there is never a cover charge! I'm still waiting for a disc, but here's the press release scoop on the **Barnyard Ballers**. They are "southern California's sickest, most backward ass hicks ever to play music." It goes on to reveal a combination of **Hank Williams/Reverend Horton**

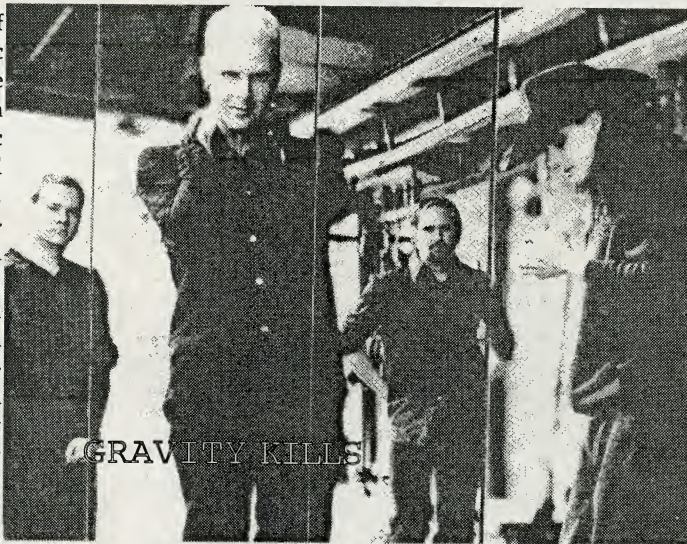
Heat/Cramps and **Motorhead** - American psychobilly at Burt's on July 16. **Kurt Bestor** claims to attract an audience of welders (Doesn't he mean elders?) and their wives. He's at Abravanel Hall. Saturday night has some stuff for the radio addicted. **Howard Jones?** **Chubby Checker?** **The Mamas and Papas** without **Cass Elliott?** Whatever. **Candlebox** and **Feeder** offer minimal interest at DV8. **Thirsty Alley** offers maximum interest at Spanky's. There's a **Food Not Bombs** concert for all ages up at the U. And the Tower Theatre has the locals for all-ages.

It's a new week and some things are actually happening on Sunday. **Pat Metheny**, if he enters his noise phase, is worth the price. Otherwise skip it. **Ziggy Marley** will have some difficulty playing at all due to the smell from the lake and the audience. **Rory Block** is a reason to head up to Park City. She won a stack of awards for her latest album of acoustic blues. She is the Sunday night pick. **R.J. Mischo** is in the blues spotlight on Monday. He's young and he can play. He can play better than those

1976. Their most recent album was produced by John Cale. Admittedly attending the concert is a risky affair because the band could be touring simply to raise cash, but if they've rediscovered the excitement and punk/goth roots of previous years an evening on the edge will occur. Wear black and use plenty of clown white makeup. The venue at present is the Wasatch Events Center. Government interference could force relocation. After the gig head down to the "Jess and Lu" proclaimed "yucky" bar to see **Straight No Chaser**, a lounge act featuring various members of **Thirsty Alley**, **Zion Tribe** and the **Shuman's**. I don't believe "yucky" applies to Spanky's or **Straight No Chaser**. The rest of the week is a total loss except for one holiday gig. The Tower Theatre, much like the rest of Utah, will celebrate the correct date of our country's birth on July 24 with four Revelation punk rock bands. **Battery**, **Better Than A Thousand**, **Speak 714** and **In My Eyes** are scheduled and again it's for all ages. This is not a sit-down affair. The Tower removes the first five rows of seats for these gigs.

Skip **Freddy Jones**, **James Taylor** and **Calobo**. Go to Burt's or Spanky's. On Monday **Grant Lee Buffalo** is at DV8 and **Wild Child Butler** is at the Dead Goat. Those over the age of 21 can catch them both. On Tuesday one of the silliest affairs ever has been rescheduled for the Canyons. Due to circumstances beyond their control no one, not even sheep, bought a ticket to **Creedence Clearwater Revisited**. Think about the name. Think about the original band. How many covers did the original CCR play? John Fogerty wrote some memorable songs, but the band was never wholly original. Now we have Fogerty's former drummer and bassist playing in a band covering cover versions of songs? In the believe it or not category? These losers have even released a double CD of them re-covering

the cover songs side by side with cover versions of Fogerty originals. It's just plain stupid and adding to the stupidity? The **Doobie Brothers?** "Look, maybe if we add the Doobie Brothers someone will buy a ticket." If planning to attend wear sheepherder's boots. There isn't any need for an explanation. The same night, July 28, **Charlie Hunter** returns to play jazz at the Zephyr. Don't even think about sheep droppings. Hunter does Bay Area jazz and the "Breeze" won't attend. Before Hunter takes the stage the DV8 basement has an all-ages affair. The line-up includes the

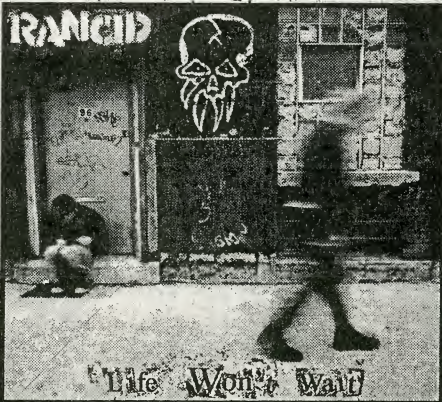


other, only slightly, younger boys. Didn't one of them open for Van Halen? On Tuesday the radio appears once again. **Gravity Kills** and **Pitchshifter** are at DV8. Under 21 is invited. On Thursday there is an exceptionally weird concert. The date is July 23, 1998. The bands are **Siouxie & the Banshees**, the **Creatures** and **John Cale**. Some might remember John Cale for his viola and his old band the Velvet Underground. Others will remember the '80s and **Siouxie Sioux**. This is NOT and I repeat NOT, a concert for those excited about Howard Jones. **Siouxie** and the **Banshees** formed in

RANCID

Life Won't Wait

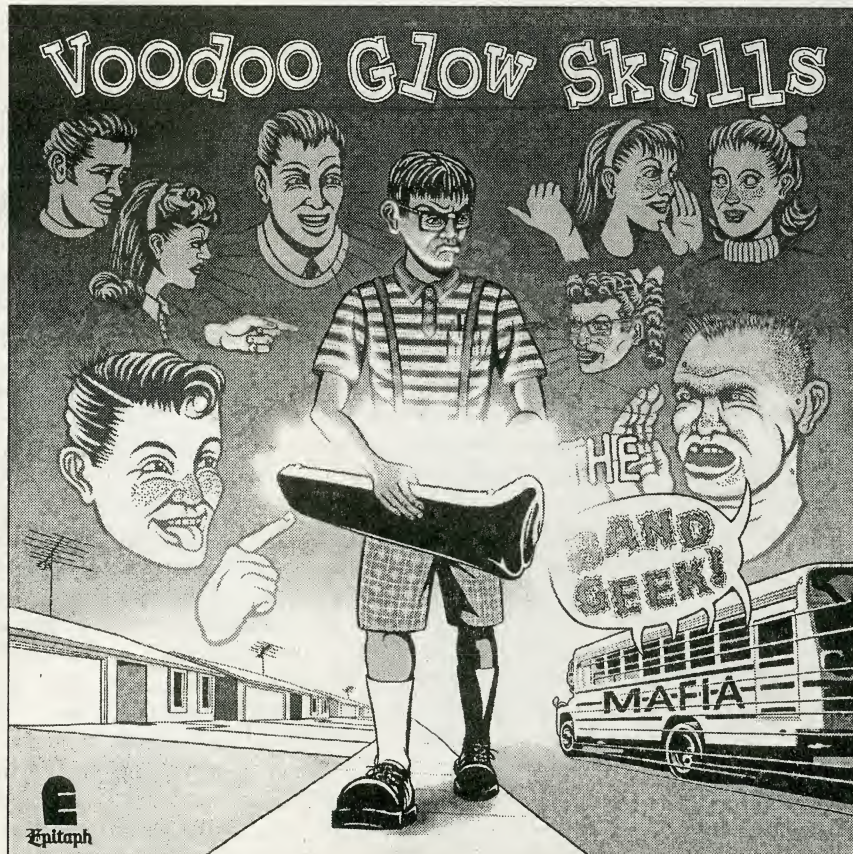
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...Slug...

Queers, Chixdiggitt, the Nobody's and the Murder City Devils. The Queers are so pop punk they turn the genre into a caricature. That means god damned pop punk. The Murder City Devils are expected to give Zeke stiff competition for best Seattle punk band to visit Salt Lake City. They don't play that watered down stuff Warped had too much of. Trendy punk rockers are encouraged to attend for a learning experience. On July 29 the Wasatch Events Center appears again. **God Lives Underwater** had some difficulty at "yucky" Spanky's. I'm sure one *SLUG* columnist is overjoyed that someone else has to deal with them this time. They're the opening act. **Stabbing Westward** has healed and the band will fulfill contractual obligations with this rescheduled date. I believe **Stabbing Westward** is the hard band and **God Lives Underwater** is the soft underbelly. I'll mention two more to



close out the "rock" portion of July. The year is still 1998. Please remember the year because **Gene Loves Jezebel** and the **Fixx** are booked at different venues on the same night. For jazz look to **John Schofield** at the Gallivan Center on Thursday, July 30 and **Lionel Hampton** on July 31 at Snowbird. The Snowbird thing is called the "Utah Jazz and Blues Festival." Utah natives might believe the hype, but immigrants from any major city have most likely attended a "real" jazz and blues festival. Utah doesn't have one. August 1 is billed as the "blues" night of the "Utah Jazz and Blues Festival." For a change blues and not "blues-rock" is scheduled. **Joe Louis Walker**, **Lady Bianca**, **John Hammond** and maybe **Eric Bibb** are the names. All play blues and the combination of names is the best I've seen at Snowbird in several years.

Now for the early August dates. **Julie Hill**, a charming folk singer if ever there was one, has "Farmfest" planned. On August 1 Hill's Tremonton dairy farm becomes a concert venue. **Kate MacLeod**, **Larry Pattis**, **Cat Van Natter**, **Corey Con-**

nors, **Karla** and **Dave Eskelson**, **Katherine Warner**, **Marcia Knorr**, **Dave Hahn**, **Jesse Thurgood** and **Julie** will sing and play all day long. This is a grass roots effort Utah needs more of and the farm isn't expected to attract many sheep. If the "Farmfest" looks better than "blues night" at Snowbird don't despair. On August 3 **W.C. Clark** returns to the Dead Goat. The man plays Texas blues. He played with **Stevie Ray** and

has yet to mimic him. This gig precedes the early August shit list. The summer of shit continues with **Janet Jackson**, **Usher**, the **Backstreet Boys** and **Jimmie Ray** all at the E Center. I'm slightly curious about **Jimmie Ray**, but I'm still avoiding the area. On the good side. **Indigo Swing** returns to Utah with an appearance at the Union Ballroom

on August 4. The band has a new album of mostly original swing. Original and swing are contradictory terms to the vast majority of local zoot suitors. If you missed the band last time be prepared for piano, one horn and Mr. Smooth himself, Johnny "Swing Lover" Boyd. On the same night the **Beastie Boys** have already sold out the E Center. They, **A Tribe Called Quest** and **Money Mark** are on the road promoting new albums and **Money Mark** will give a solo performance before joining the **Beasties**. The next night **My Life With The Thrill Cult** returns and this time it's at DV8. **My Life With The Thrill Kill Kult** are unlucky son's of guns. They signed with Red Aunt - a label unable to decide on a distributor. First it was Alliance, then they went belly up, next PGD, then they were bought out, now it's BMG. Give the band some support and see their show.

I guess that about does it. Now I can look at myself in the mirror and honestly state that no one's ass was kissed. Still a hack, always a hack and still writing for *SLUG*. In my opinion the gig is better than "critic" status.

Mr. Bojangles

WHY ENGINEERS ARE THE WAY THEY ARE.

Our subject today is lighting charcoal grills. One of our favorite charcoal grill lighters is a guy named George Goble (really!!), a computer person in the Purdue University engineering department.

Each year, Goble and a bunch of other engineers hold a picnic in West Lafayette, Indiana, at which they cook hamburgers on a big grill.

Being engineers, they began looking for practical ways to speed up the charcoal-lighting process. "We started by blowing the charcoal with a hair dryer," Goble told me in a telephone interview. "Then we figured out that it would light faster if we used a vacuum cleaner." If you know anything about (1) engineers and (2) guys in general, you know what happened:

The purpose of the charcoal-lighting shifted from cooking hamburgers

> to seeing how fast they could light the charcoal.

From the vacuum cleaner, they escalated to using a propane torch, then an acetylene torch. Then Goble started using compressed pure oxygen, which caused the charcoal to burn much faster, because as you recall from chemistry class, fire is essentially the rapid combination of oxygen with a reducing agent (the charcoal). We discovered that a long time ago, somewhere in the valley between the Tigris and Euphrates rivers (or something along those lines).

By this point, Goble was getting pretty good times. But in the world of competitive charcoal-lighting, "pretty good" does not cut the mustard.

Thus, Goble hit upon the idea of using - get ready - liquid oxygen. This is the form of oxygen used in rocket engines; it's 295 degrees below zero and 600 times as dense as regular oxygen. In terms of releasing energy, pouring liquid oxygen on charcoal is the equivalent of throwing a live squirrel into a room containing 50 million Labrador retrievers.

On Goble's Web page (the address is <http://ghg.ece.purdue.edu/>), you can see actual photographs and a video of Goble using a bucket attached to a 10-foot-long wooden handle to dump 3 gallons of liquid oxygen (not sold in stores) onto a grill containing 60 pounds of charcoal and a lit cigarette for ignition. What follows is the most impressive charcoal-lighting I have ever seen, featuring a large fireball that according to Goble, reached 10,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The charcoal was ready for cooking in - this has to be a world record - 3 seconds.

There's also a photo of what happened when Goble used the same technique on a flimsy \$2.88 discount-store grill. All that's left is a circle of charcoal with a few shreds of metal in it. "Basically, the grill vaporized," said Goble. "We were thinking of returning it to the store for a refund."

Looking at Goble's video and photos, I became, as an American, all choked up with gratitude at the fact that I do not live anywhere near the engineers' picnic site. But also, I was proud of my country for producing guys who can be ready to barbecue in less time than it takes for guys in less-advanced nations, to spit.

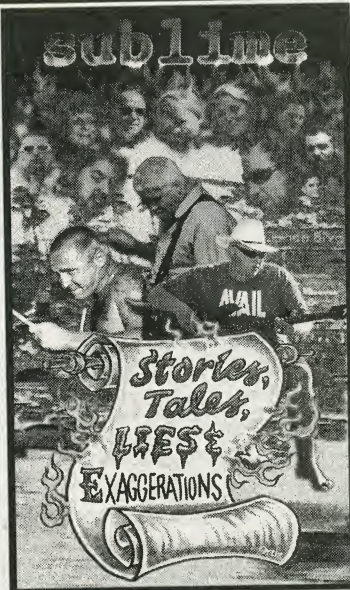
Will the 3-second barrier ever be broken? Will engineers come up with a new, more powerful charcoal-lighting technology? It's something for all of us to ponder this summer as we sit outside, chewing our hamburgers, every now and then glancing in the direction of West Lafayette, Indiana, looking for a mushroom cloud. Engineers are like that."

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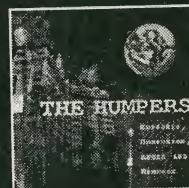
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...Slug...



and aggressive sound. ENDLESS is due out late July. . .

AMPHETAMINE SHOT

Live cuts from various sold-out shows during their first ever

tour of Australia by the Melvins in late '97 make up their AmRep release *ALIVE FROM CLUB F*CKER*. In touring this year, Melvins are doing the Ozzfest second stage with Motorhead and others. After that, they head out with Tool. Due to the loss of England-residing bassist Mark Duetrom, Melvins will use pickup players for these shows. Among the temporary fill ins for this Summers is and difficulty in getting over for tours and such things on short notice Kevin Rutmantis (Cows). King Buzzo (Melvins) is playing some dates with Mike Patton (Faith No More), ex-Slayer drummer Dave Lombardo (Grip Inc.), and Trevor Dunn (Mr. Bungle) as Phantomas. . .

HOME SHOPPING NETWORK

CDnow (<http://www.cdnow.com>) is becoming the leader in the field of on-line CD retail through artist-specific promotions, partnerships and acquisitions. The site currently is the only retail source for David Byrne's new release, *VISIBLE MAN*. Luaka Bop, Byrne's recording label, released only five thousand copies. Five hundred are to be sold exclusively by CDnow. Copies were for sale during David Byrne's recent world tour. As that tour is over, CDnow is the only place to find this limited release album. A special promotion by CDnow supplied the first 200 shoppers to buy the album with a special autographed copy. These sold in a single day. CDnow will be the exclusive on-line music retailer of the 1998 MTV Video Music Awards, in addition to sponsoring other MTV and VH1 telecasts. CDnow also acquired superSonic BOOM (<http://www.supersonicboom.com>), the first company to offer customized CDs on the Internet. This allows CDnow customers to customize their music selections, track-by-track. superSonic BOOM has licensed nearly sixty thousand titles, twelve thousand of which comprise the current on-line catalog. CDnow consumers can select the music tracks they want, define the playing sequence, create their own album title and place the order.

CANADIAN EXPORT

D.O.A. is currently wrapping up a North American tour in their home country of Canada. The "Festival of Atheists" tour celebrates twenty years of hardcore and the birth of frontman Joey Shithead's Sudden Death Records. Out on this label is *THE LOST TAPES* featuring fifteen never before available tracks of classic D.O.A. material Also scheduled for release this year on the label is a triple live set by The Damned, two Toxic Reasons albums Sham 69, Pigment Vehicle and several other punk and hardcore albums, including recordings from catalog of Germany's Bitzcore Records. . .

MOMMA WANNA ROCK

Mother Rock Star is a network of moms who work independently in the music industry. Former SXSW Showcase Coordinator Annie Melvin's Mother Rock Star offers booking to tour press, retail promotion to radio and more. Mother Rock Star currently has representatives located in most major markets and throughout the US. Mother Rock Star's goal is promoting the careers and companies of music industry moms needing a flexible time schedule for their families. (Mother Rock Star...a network, c/o Annie Melvin 3155 Highway 124 W Harrisburg, MO 65256; 573/874-5639; mamarock23@aol.com)

AUDIORAMA

A friend once looked through my CD collection and asked "what sort of songs" were on a certain Diffusion i Media (4580, avenue de Lorimier, Montreal QUE, H2H 2B5; <http://www.cam.org/~dim; dim@cam.org>) release.

"Well, it is more a collection of sounds than songs" I offered. Diffusions i Media puts out exquisitely recorded collection of musique concrete and other avant forms of experimentation. A few releases are slimline packaged, but most are in handsome cardboard packaging with thick booklets (text in French and English) and attractively cuts sleeves for the disc itself. An excellent introduction to their vast catalogue is the compilation *MINIATURES CONCRETES*. Blips, environmental sounds and strange loops flit across the stereo range on this recording. It is best to climb right in and experience this strange world through a pair of headphones. Two dozen short works from as many composers are presented here. This also marks the fiftieth anniversary of musique concrete, the French name for the creative sequencing of tape-recorded music and natural sounds. A thirty-two page book-

"He sings about love, women, things that are easy to communicate. The Americans, the British, they sing about political and social troubles. There is enough of that in our lives. Why do we want it from our singers as well?"

- Franco Realì (BMG Italy) on Europop star Ramazzotti

"Mistrust all in whom the impulse to punish is powerful."

- Nietzsche

GLORIFYING CRIME PAYS

Les Vampyres, French filmmaker Louis Feuillade's ten-part seven-hour 1915 horror masterpiece, was briefly banned by Paris' chief of police for its glorification of the criminal class. Marked both by creativity and blood lust, Irma Vep's gang of ne'er-do-wells employ kidnapping and artillery, sexual domination and slaying to keep the elite of Paris under their thumb. Each part stands alone as a complete film in Water Bearer Films' restoration. The Water Bearer boasts full color retinting, title cards in period English and original fonts, corrected film speed and full orchestra film scoring by Robert Israel. Israel scored several silent classics, including works by Buster Keaton, Frank Capra and Frank Lloyd. Les Vampyres earned praise from such French Surrealist notables as filmmaker Alain Resnais and poet Andre Breton. (Water Bearer Films, 48 W 21st St. #301, NY NY, 10010; 212-242-8686)

THE STORY OF VVV

Recording under the name VVV, Pan Sonic's Ilpo Vansanen and Mike Vainio, together with Alan Vega (Suicide), recorded *ENDLESS*. This collaboration between Finnish electronica minimalists Pan Sonic founding member of pioneering pre-Industrial and pre-techno duo Suicide will certainly be looked back upon as important. Formerly known as Panasonic, Pan Sonic released two LPs on Mute/Blast. In *Suicide*, Vega pioneered a new sound, both sparse

let offers text on every track. Two composers you not find on MINIATURES are Christian Calon and Claude Schryer, but they both have recent releases on the label.

Calon's 1994 work Les Corps Eblouis is presented on a CDEP (22:45) of the same name. It seems an artists study in string tension. Sounds leap out of silence as an electrical guitar is used to in every conceivable way short of strumming. The results are further treated for a final effect that is alien and complete. AUTOUR is the name of Schryer's release. First presented is a

seven-movement Sound Odyssey which is a vicarious journey decorated with hooves, horns and bells. Called a "radiophonic soundwalk" El medio Ambiente Acustico De Mexico begins with a gunshot and ends with quiet footsteps and birds. In bring together a great collection of visual, recognizable sounds, Schryers work will strike the listener as the most disturbing or intriguing of recent DiM releases. . .

Kraftwelt
RETROISH
Hypnotic Records

A Kraftwerk album was once described as "a retrospective that looks forward." Danish quartet Kraftwelt draws inspiration from the pre-electronica German studio experimenters. Thus, Kraftwelt finds itself "retroish" by looking back to Kraftwerk's machine hypnotics, but still looking ahead through subtle manipulations of minimalism for lyrical effect.

Kraftwelt's brand of techno is mid-tempo and woven from usually no more than three synth lines. The simplicity becomes the beauty of this material, which floats lazily but musically out of the speakers. While Kraftwerk crafted a 'cool' dance music for robots, Kraftwelt

advances the genre to a 'warm,' more human sound that is currently appearing on the European dance charts.

As much for moving the body to, the analog synthesizer creations on RETROISH serve as satisfying head music. RETROISH is classic, late-70s synth brightened by modern laser lights. (3)

Ugly Americans
BOOM BOOM BABY
Capricorn Records

Ugly Americans made their name the old-fashioned way, they toured it. A reputation forged with appearance on the H.O.R.D.E. festival and with Dave Matthews Band, Cowboy Mouth, Leftover Salmon, Big Head Todd and the Monsters and more spawned first- and secondhand reports of a ferocious stage performance that inspired awe. Now, we have a touring and recording band that bears the name Ugly Americans, but major personnel changes. Different members bring a different approach on BOOM BOOM BABY and maybe it should not even be called an Ugly Americans record. What it is, though, is a horn- and organ-fueled into lust and funk, boogie and grind. On these most heated of numbers, the vocals are nearly rapped further accentuating the driving beat.

With cuts like "The Wrong Direction" we have the same band delivering a pop ballad. Explaining the eclectic contrasts in material written for the nine-member group, vocalist Bob Schneider says "when I'm writing from the heart or from the crotch, that's cool; but if I'm writing from my head, that's trouble." (2)

Friendly Rich
DIARRHEA OF A LAWN-
MOWER
Scabba Studios

Unwilling to let go of blatant

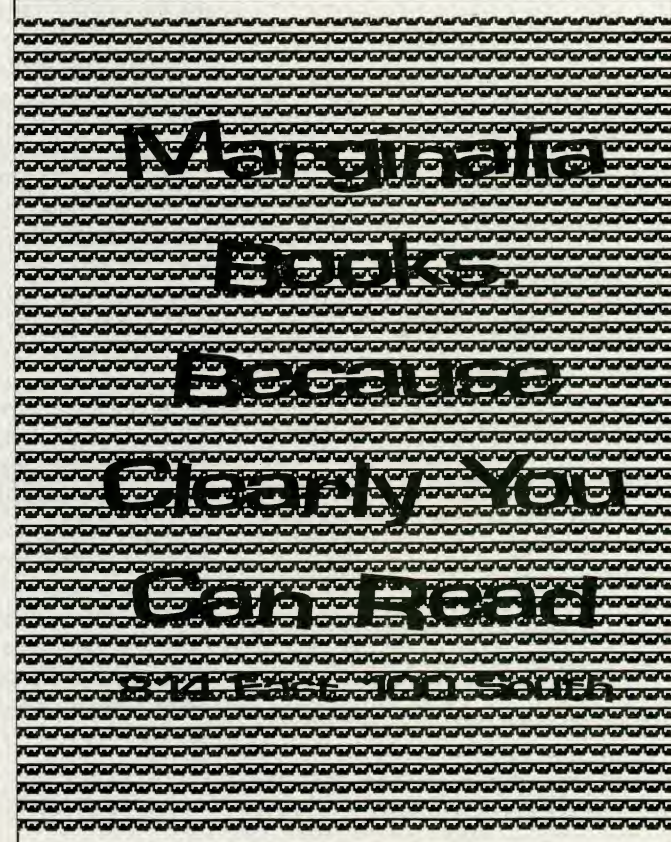
scatology and a desire to self-produce weird music, Friendly Rich is now manufacturing DIARRHEA one copy at a time out of his house for interested parties. This may be up your (fudge) alley if you like to watch Beavis and Butthead with the TV muted and the stereo blasting The Residents. The booklet tells a surreal, nonsensical tale for the three act piece. Like The Residents' similarly wacky MOLE SHOW, knowing the story in detail really clears up very little. You know when you hear this sound collage symphony of samples and synthesizers whether you like it or you hate it. DIARRHEA is a jejune vision assembled from intelligent toys. (2.5)

Sue Garner
TO RUN MORE SMOOTHLY
Thrilljockey

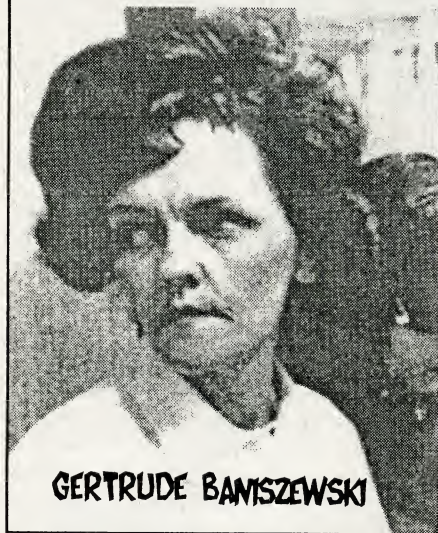
Garner's soft and natural delivery makes her sound very close, as if she is singing to the listener personally. To heighten

the nearness I listen to SMOOTHLY on headphones. Contributing to the intimate atmosphere of this album are members of Yo La Tengo (drummer Georgia Hubley) and Sue's own Run

On (violinist Katie Gentile and husband/keyboardist/programmer/percussionist Rick Brown). The album is very song oriented and human. Such a warm record, rich in feeling, is a rare commodity in these days of brash guitar dominance. "Good tube compressors" are held as responsible for a production built for comfort, not speed. The human element responsible for this engineering is Chris Stamey (dB's). While Garner does not display dynamic range or exceptional technical ability, she earns high praise from me for compiling solid, poetic songs and voicing them with an authentic and honest style. Bookending the collection are its most effective, Spartan ballads exploiting Garner's genuineness and slightly Southern accent. The middle



SERIAL KILLER OF THE MONTH



GERTRUDE BANISZEWSKI

Sylvia Likens was found crumpled on the filthy mattress, mutilated, dead. This was a cold October day, the 26th. 1965. She was only sixteen. An emergency call alerted the authorities that a girl had stopped breathing. When the police arrived in the room on the second floor they found her on the urine soaked bed, half naked. Her young body bore the tattoos of cigarette burns, cuts, deep bruises and the words "I am a prostitute and proud of it," carved out of her belly.

The woman whose house the police now investigated was Gertrude Baniszewski. She calmly, almost dryly, explained how the girl death occurred. Baniszewski claimed that Sylvia had been staying in the house all that summer. She had been living with her sister Jenny. Baniszewski said that she had brought this terrible torture and death upon herself because she had run away. It was while she was on her own that she was attacked by a pack of rabid young men, and returned home with the wounds and mutilations from which she quickly died.

Sylvia's sister Jenny told a very different story. The real story, she said, started with the Baniszewski house's lack of income. Gertrude had been taking care of the household and simultaneously supporting seven children. She made a meager living selling bottled soda at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway, and she received child support payments from her ex-husband. As a result, the families

diet was largely canned soup which was heated on an electric griddle, because they had no stove.

The Likens paid Gertrude 20\$ a week to watch their children while they were traveling with the Florida Circus. They moved in in July 1965. When the Jenny and Sylvia's parents were late with the first payment for the baby-sitting, Gertrude decided to give the girls a beating. While hitting them she shouted, "I took care of you bitches for nothing." And though Gertrude got paid the next day, her attitude didn't change. Her brutality escalated over the next three months as she changed her form of attack from simple fists, to paddles, to belts and finally to wooden boards. It was Sylvia who she singled out for harder punishment. To aid her with this sadistic regime, she enlisted the help of two of her own children. And when more help was needed she drafted some neighborhood bullies. One of the bullies used Sylvia as a human punching bag, and used her to practice his martial arts throws, into cement walls and down stairwells.

The local boys and her own children would also assist Gertrude in applying specific brutal torture to Sylvia just for the pure sadistic joy of it. They would slowly make deep cigarette burns on her body, in the end more than 150 such wounds. And the worst was still yet to happen.

When Sylvia accidentally urinated on the mattress one night, she was imprisoned in the basement. It was here that she was systematically starved and dehydrated being left no option but to sup on her own waste, and to drink her own urine. Then at her most wretched, Gertrude forced her to do a striptease which culminated in the use of a Coke bottle for a dildo. Then with a heated knife blade Gertrude proceeded to carve those words into her belly. It is tragic, and ironic that she finally died when she fell to the cement floor from a high window where she was trying to get help from the neighbors.

It was little surprise that at her trial Gertrude was given a life sentence. In 1985, she was released on parole. She might be that nice old lady just across the hall.

THOSE NASTY SOUTHERN BAPTISTS

by DeeDee Horiuchi

I doubt that I can express how excited I was when I first heard that 60,000 Southern Baptists were coming to town. I was picturing a full-on holy-war, nothing short of feeding the Christians to the lions. Great. With several thousand less of our LDS residents running around, we can actually start calling Utah a "pretty great state" once again. And, those road trips down to the Bible Belt would be so much more fun. But, alas, we have no lions. And these ain't Christians. Let's include a quick definition of Christianity. In short, it means "Christ-like." It means something along the lines of loving and accepting EVERYONE for who they are. It does not mean hating and persecuting people for what you deem that they are not. Neither of these groups fit into the definition of Christianity very well. Both groups would probably love the death penalty for oral sex, drinking, drugs, any sexual activity that doesn't result in a pregnancy. Unless, of course, the people involved in the sex act are not married. Unwed mothers are also a huge no-no. My good friend Jack Daniels and I just can't survive in their world. How sad it is, too. Jack is a truly great friend. One who has been through hell and back with me and is always ready to lend an ear.

Anyway, speaking of friends, I started seeing and hearing all of these advertisements about how those wonderful saints, the Mormons, would help us if any of the Baptists were trying to "recruit" us. How ironic is that? That's a good laugh. Let me tell you two things that I personally learned about the Baptists while they were here. They have three words in their vocabulary that an LDS person wouldn't be caught dead using to a non-LDS person, "please" and "thank you." They also understand service. When you go out, you give the servers decent tips. You can't talk a Mormon into a better than 10% tip. There is no way they are going to give a scumbag like you more than they will give their church. Who gives a shit whether or not you have mouths to feed. Of course, to them, 10% is mighty generous. Let me enlighten you. 15% is the normal and standard. If you can't figure 15% out, either take a calculator with you or perhaps even ask the server. I understand that B.Y.U.'s math classes aren't very good. If you don't like it, stay home, eat boxed pizzas and watch a PG movie.

The Mormons also told us how horrible the Baptists are because they expect their women to be totally "submissive" to the man. Uh...am I missing something here? Have you kind LDS folk read your own church doctrine? A woman is nothing to you except someone to cook and clean,

and a place to rest your cock. Oh, yeah, and don't forget someone to clean your shit-stained Jesus-jammies. Question to all LDS brave enough to answer-what state has polygamy received more publicity? Utah or Georgia? Don't play dumb. Last, but not least, it's game 6 of the NBA finals, there's about a minute and-a-quarter left. Someone knocks on the back door. Guess who? Not those pesky Baptists that I've been hearing so much about. It was some of our beloved locals, the Mormons. "Do you own a copy of this book?" the clean shaven lad asked. I didn't want to tell him that I actually had until a day that I had run out of kindling. When I got back, the Bulls had won, and worse, the Jazz had lost. I don't even have a clue what the fuck happened. And, at that moment, I thought how great that the Mormons were going to "protect" us from those Nasty Southern Baptists. Now, a question for the Mormons, who in the hell will protect us from you?

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Reggatta Mondatta II

Here's the idea-a bunch of has-been or never-were Reggae artists cover a whole lot of crappy songs by that has-been or never-was himself, Sting. I have been having a really hard time understanding everyone's obsession with Sting, and this album certainly did not improve my attitude. 10 tracks that weren't really all that great the first time around are completely dismembered here. "Don't Stand So Close to Me" and "Canary in a Coalmine" are among the victims. "Demolition Man" gets maimed by Rayvon featuring Shaggy. Let Grace Jones take care of that song, okay guys. Anyway, there is not enough pot in your house at this moment to make this a pleasureable listening experience. And, if there is, it must be some good shit, so please get ahold of me at SLUG and we'll talk about it. If Reggatta Mondatta I is much better, it still sucks. Avoid both of these at all costs.

P. B.

SANDY DENNY

Gold Dust-Live at the Royalty Theatre

Sandy Denny is a vocalist born in 1947 who met an untimely and suspicious death in 1978. During her troubled life and career, she did vocals for Fairport Convention, the Strawbs and Fotheringay. Friends recall her as being "mind-boggling" in concert but "drunk and belligerent" backstage. Her anger was probably one of the things that stopped her short of having a brilliant career. She was found close to death at the bottom of some stairs in April 1978. She had a broken neck. But, for more on that, you can check out Richard and Linda Thompson's "Did She Jump or Was She Pushed?" This is a recording of her last concert per-

formed on November 27th, 1977. It has taken them 20 years, but they have finally pieced together an excellent recording of this. Sandy was a folk singer whose voice was often compared to Janis Joplin. But, there was so much more to Sandy. Her voice is one of the most beautiful voices ever recorded, but she is so sad. In every song, she seems to be fighting the demons inside while singing the songs. I would recommend her to any fan of folk. If you're one of the people obsessed with the women of Lilith Fair, put those albums down and check this out.

There is no real reason for anyone to not have this in their collection. Go to a store where you can listen to the CD's before you buy. Check out "Nothing More," "The North Star Grassman" or the Dylan cover "Tomorrow is a Long Time." You'll be hooked. After you buy this, the bootleg recording "Dark the Night" is the next place to go. And then, save your pennies for the three-cd box "Who Knows Where the Time Goes." All 3 of these are four-star recordings and would be at home in any collection.

P.B.

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Classic Rave

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Option FM

CIRRUS

Back on a Mission

All three of these releases are put out by a company called Moonshine who appear to be pretty devoted to electronic music. Classic Rave is all in the title. This is electronic music from years past that has all been fairly popular. Ravers will probably recognize most of this. They've probably shaken their asses to some of this a lot. There are tracks by 808 State, Channel X and Moby just to name a few. Option FM is also an electronic compilation with artists from all over the world, Japan, Iceland and Peru to name a few. Gus Gus, DJ Spooky and Keoki are all on this album. If you're not much of an electronic fan, and you want to check some out, these compilations are both probably good places to begin. The Option FM album is much more interesting, however. Cirrus is a new band on this label. I wouldn't exactly refer to them as a groundbreaking new band, but one of the tracks, "Stop and Panic" is fairly interesting.

P.B.

BRIAN WILSON

Imagination

Anytime I pick up a music magazine and I see some oldie but goodie on the cover, like a member of the Stones, Beatles or the Dead, I get an instant nauseous feeling in my gut. Then I read how this artist has done something "introspective" or "his best work in years." This tells me one thing immediately. It sucks. Here's one that is no exception to the rule. Here's

something for your imagination. It sounds like the Beach Boys only more boring. It sounds insincere and limp all the way through. Hard to stomach. There is a song here called "South American" written by that Cheeseburger in Paradise himself, Jimmy Buffett. It goes something like this, "South American well you know I would/South American if I only could/I wanna be, I wanna be where it's at." Well, how fuckin' poetic is that? Brian, why don't you cash one of your fat Beach Boy paychecks and fly on down there and get the hell out of here? Gosh, I can hardly wait to hear the new Ringo Starr.

P.B.

AMANDA'S WAITING

Self-titled

Here's a quote from the press kit. "The band is in the vein of the Counting Crows fronted by Joan Osborne covering 4 Non Blondes." This quote made me wonder whether I should listen or just throw it away. But, I listened and I was glad that I did. Don't get me wrong. This is not the Album of the Year. But, it has a charm in a goth kind of way. Actually, I think some of the goths might find this pretty enjoyable. Most of the songs are mellow. They are songs of bitterness and longing. Melodic guitars, sad lyrics. There is a great cover of Patti Smith's "Free Money." This album is okay, but good enough that I will be looking forward to hearing more from them in the future.

P.B.

UNWRITTEN LAW

Self-titled

This band is on the Warped Tour with Rancid, NOFX, the Deftones, MXPX, Strung Out, CIV, and the like. And, that's basically, surprise, what this music is. Hormone-driven, post-punk-alterna-rock. These guys like to get loud and sing songs about sex, rock 'n' roll and suicide. You know, all that fun teenage stuff. This is a CD for the guys, though. Make sure it stays out of the hands of your favorite femi-nazi, because they will not appreciate it near as much as the guys will. If you're a Warped Tour ticketholder, this is definitely the shit for you. If you're not, don't even check it out. It probably won't be something that you'll like.

P.B.

RANCID

Life Won't Wait

Speaking of tours, here's some more of those crazy Warped kids. Rancid is a band born basically out of the ashes of Operation Ivy in 1991. They're trapped in the wrong decade, doing a ska, blues and reggae version of punk rock similar to the Clash. These songs are all over the place

Continued on Page 37

OUTSIGHT

selections are more patchy. Quite hectically arranged, SMOOTHLY allows only islands of cleverness to surface. (3)

Cows

SORRY IN PIG MINOR

Amphetamine Reptile Records

King Buzzo, from the Melvins royalty, produces this ninth album from the very unherd-like Cows. SORRY is a big album, huge in sound, sleek and fat.

Not an easy or even listen, PIG MINOR rocks back and forth like a strait-jacketed lunatic ("No, I'm Not Coming Out") or burst forth like an unleashed psychopath ("Cabin Man"). There is a wonderful disparity here between the percussion, which sounds far away and primitive, and the rest of the music which confronts and insti-

gates. SORRY is Cows at its cathartic best. SORRY is Psychogrunge with punk rock horn that reaches to psychological depths. (3.5)

Rasha

SUNDANIYAT

Nubenegra/Alula Records

Twenty-six-year-old Rasha Sundaniyat begins her debut with "Aquing mahasnik Biman (With whom can I compare you)." On this Sufi meditation she is only accompanied by oud. This lends a distinct Middle Eastern feel to the piece. She closes the disc with the same hymn, this time with added percussion, voices and sax. The clarity and simple beauty of her voice, singing in Arabic, comes through most

effectively when it is most adorned. When can assure ourselves of this fact by comparing the two tracks. Fortunately, in the second rendition, the horn steps out of the arrangement went Rasha sings. Attempts are made at a funky Afro-pop by having her sing along with the sax on the otherwise bouncing and joyful "Azara Al Hay (Girls of the Quarter)." This is definitely a pan-African pop fusion album. Preserving distinctiveness is the Arabic flavor inherent in Sudan and Rasha's mellifluous delivery. Rasha picks Sufi and Sudanese traditionals for her songbook, and welds them onto a backbone of Arabic-African music. Mostly beautiful, I only feel this record falters on some unexpected instrumentation. Oud and percussion seem exquisitely mated to her lyric and language, but the accordion, violins, saxophones, bass and guitar

often seem awkward embellishments. But hey, it is tropical and warms the room when I play it, so that makes SUNDANIYAT a winner. (3)

The Saboteurs

ESPIONAGE GARAGE

American Pop

The Saboteurs play their spy-surf-instrumental music with a low-end more pronounced than that of a typical rock trio. The guitar is fuzzed out, emphasizing its low-range and the bottom of bass and drums is pronounced in production. I keep wanting to EQ ESPIONAGE to bring out a high end that just is simply not there. They do not exactly sabotage their music with this strong stylistic direction. For the Saboteurs, mud is their distinction and one their wear with the pride of installing a mahogany

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guitar rack into the cab of a monster truck. My favorite track is "Do The Creep." This is the only piece that has the enlivening addition of organ. (2.5)

Ed Pias

ANCESTOR'S HALO

Extreme North America

<http://www.xtr.com/extreme/extreme@well.com>

Seattle percussionist Pias assembles the sounds of world percussion from Burmese gong to ankle rattles, frame drum to tabla. Under his command, the unifying principle of this diverse array stands out. For Pias, the eclectic spectrum of rhythm producers a master's palette for the creation of masterpieces. Having studied under craftsmen from jazz bassist Charlie Haden to frame drummer John Bergamo and worked with groundbreakers as diverse as

John Cage and Henry Threadgill, Pias' drum compositions bespeak the opportunity explored and the wise experiment. The background to each canvas (linked together, titleless, to form a mural) is a uniting drone. Included on this album is the resonant, Hindu two-headed barrel drum called pakhawaj.

High-end jingles arise from the riq, a Middle Eastern tambourine. Foot stomps come alive from the pods of West African ankle rattles. ANCESTOR'S HALO is a tranquil, compelling and textured universe of percussion possibility. (4.5)

Long Fin Killie

AMELIA

Beggars

Banquet

<http://www.beggars.com>

beggars@beggars.com

When I first discovered albums, I used to pour over lyric sheets and listen to songs repeatedly to learn the proper arrangement of words. Such wordsmithing seems largely

lacking in contemporary music. Fortunately, there exists such oases as the album of Scottish poet Luke Sutherland and his band Long Fin Killie. Just as LFK richly colors their sonic palette with an intricate spectrum of guitar, mandolin, bouzouki and more over the dull throb or smart snap of electronic beats, Sutherland pens lines that are simple, powerful and open to interpretation. The overt theme is that of Amelia Earhardt. This is most obvious from the opening song, "British Summertime." From then on, the meaning becomes more apparently that of exploring a woman of any name through love. Is not that also a great adventure into the unknown? True songs should be words as art enriched by music. LFK performs this better than most bands, and consistently. An LFK album holds up to and demands repeated close listening. (4)

Soulfly

SOULFLY

Roadrunner

<http://www.roadrunnerrecords.com>

Max Cavalera rises from the ashes of Sepultura a spirited phoenix. Soulfly is angrier and more energetic than Sepultura, and seems a purification, a drawing nearer to the source. Inclusion of remixer/producer New York drummer Roy "Rata" Mayorga (Thorn) seems to have brought the jungle ideology and rhythms into the studio more completely. Soulfly is completely contemporary in its use of samples and bizarre breaks, but definitely steaming past the Conradian Inner Station. "Tribe" hearkens back to Sepultura's epic ROOTS album, but the following track "Bumba" is pure Soulfly and evidence of the effective unison of neo-monster metal and sampling. Cavalera proves one again to power a crucible that forges hard, heavy music with-

out schlock or pretension. The ex-Sepultura singer saw his son, Igor, diagnosed with diabetes last year. As a result, the Cavalera family began an Iggy Diabetes Fund to help families in need acquire insulin and medical supplies.

Donations can be made to the fund c/o Phoenix Childrens Hospital Center for Childhood Diabetes, 909 E Brill St., Phx AZ, 85006. (4)

Various Artists

JAPAN PUNK KILLS YOU!

American Pop Project

While American punk rock squanders its energy on self-loathing and analysis, Japanese punk is abundant in the same vigor and joy I first heard upon listening to The Ramones LEAVE HOME. Original punk bands were either unabashed or sneering in their attachment to pop. That was part of the secret of punk's acceptance. The twenty bands on this compilation not

only freely admit those ties, but bungee jumps with them to giddy heights. Many of the bands present give direct nods to the early English and American projects that defined that early pogo-fueling enthusiasm. First Alert hearkens to Stiff Little Fingers, Not Rebound comes at us from a Kinks direction and think GBH meets the Ramones when you hear Marquees. Much of the glam sass that made New York Dolls famous comes across in the guitar sound of other bands gathered here. If you are faith or interest in contemporary punk sounds is flagging, JAPAN PUNK KILLS YOU! is sure to fill your sails full of wind again. (3.5)

-Tom "Tearaway" Schulte

outsight@bigfoot.com

<http://www.detroitmusic.com/outsight>

'T was just this time last year I died.
I know I heard the corn,
When I was carried by the farms,--
It had the tassels on.

I thought how yellow it would look
When Richard went to mill;
And then I wanted to get out,
But something held my will.

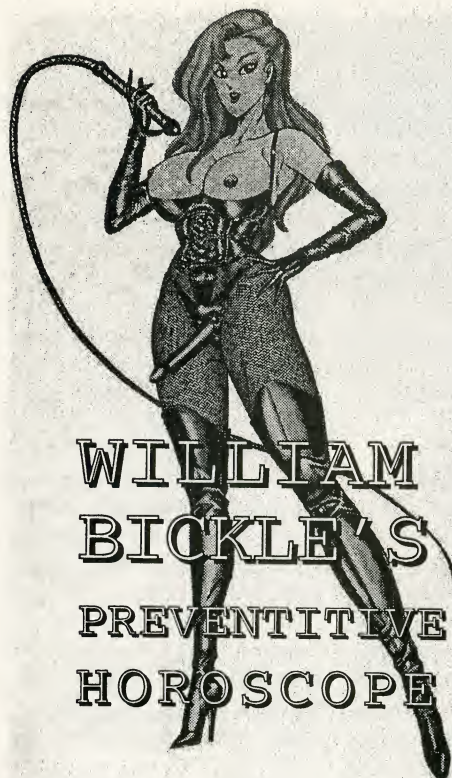
I thought just how red apples wedged
The stubble's joints between;
And carts went stooping round the fields
To take the pumpkins in.

I wondered which would miss me least,
And when Thanksgiving came,
If father 'd multiply the plates
To make an even sum.

And if my stocking hung too high,
Would it blur the Christmas glee,
That not a Santa Claus could reach
The altitude of me?

But this sort grieved myself, and so
I thought how it would be
When just this time, some perfect year,
Themselves should come to me.

Emily Dickinson



WILLIAM BICKLE'S PREVENTITIVE HOROSCOPE

AQUARIUS JAN 20-FEB18

You are the teacher, the wise-one, the last to know what just happened. You are Dylan's Mr. Jones. Know your amino-acids for a discussion you will have with a grocery clerk on the 24th. If you have a time share in a city or town which begins with b,v, or m, sell you share before August. Brush your molars extra carefully this month or face the wrath of a Portuguese man named Ernesto.

ARIES MAR 21 - APRIL 19

You are the leader in your world; not that anyone is following. You are too blinkered to notice just how alone you are. Up on you cliff with the indifferent blue sky, and the uncomfortably yellow stone, you might be mistaken for a discarded rug. On the 19th you will meet someone who will tell you something regarding a tax break available if you sign his little sheet of paper and give him a check for \$25. Do it. Also, on Thursday's this month, about three p.m. you will find yourself asking questions of your loved-one. Do not ask about the solution to your skin problem. That \$25 will be taking care of that next month. And do something about that growth just underneath your hair. It could be cancer.

TAURUS APRIL 20 - MAY 20

Because you are too stupid to do anything like make a schedule or get with the program in terms of preventative astrology, I will make this very easy for you. Every morning when you get up do the following: 50 pushups, 50 situps, wash, and avoid the following prefixes

in your everyday speech: Pro, Anti, In, Un. Also, if you drive a car: try to avoid going any speed between 28 and 60 miles an hour. Below 28 is Ok, and above 60 is your best bet. If being followed by a police officer, remember to stick to you preventative astrology speed recommendations. It could save your life. Or maybe not.

GEMINI MAY 21 - JUNE 20

Your guys are the main problem with the world. Ok, I know that most of you aren't Gemini, Gemini, Gemini, but just one of those evil twins in your sign is a guarantee of long term trouble. I mean look at Hitler, who was a Taurus, or if that doesn't do it, look at Basmati Rice, which is a nutty flavored carbohydrate from India. Ok, are we clear here? James Hope, Bob's brother, once said, "If I never arrive at the hospital in one piece because I have been killed while making pipe-bombs in my basement, then blame it on the first Gemini you meet." No really, he said that. Really. The 9th and 23rd are good-luck days for you. Somebody you love will become ill, die, or loose the use of a limb.

CANCER JUNE 21 - JULY 22

I have been fingering the question of what it means to be a cancer. I have been holding it open and assessing the color and smell of it. Your spiritual side will find much needed nourishment on FM radio broadcasts on Wednesdays between 6:30 and 8:30. You will need a fondue pot for the 30th. Don't forget to take up smoking for that big anniversary this month. Hello and goodbye are two sides of the same coin.

LEO JULY 23 - AUG 22

Get that hair out of your eyes and look around at all the things you have missed enjoying over the past year. Stop wasting your time with work. Sleep is for losers. Even the so called quality time you spend with loved ones is just wasted time. You know what you need to do. So go find a reputable crack dealer, get that addiction started. Buy a ticket to a very large city. Get on with your life. Its what you want to do. Next Friday you will find an enlarged gland beneath your armpit. This could be very bad.

VIRGO AUG 23 - SEPT 22

You already know what you are doing for the next month. So just remember: Fridays and Sundays are your dangerous days in automobiles. Buckle up and carry a large set of bandages and tape, and maybe a tourniquet. Avoid tomatoes - could cause swelling and suffocation. And if you are being mugged, resist: you will win

this one.

LIBRA SEPT 23 - OCT 22

If you are breast feeding, keep at it. But drink only bottled water. There are unhealthy things in the water all around you. So maybe not bathing for a while would be a good idea too. Also body fluids are to be avoided, yes even your loved ones. So no open mouth kisses. No helping with bandaids. No sex. If you love nature you will want to stay inside between the 25th and the 28th. Otherwise you will be very uncomfortable being alone outside for several years.

SCORPIO OCT 23 - NOV 21

Your tattoo is going to cause major physical problems unless you are extra careful about keeping it out of the sun. It's that new dye they use for the outlines. When exposed to sunlight it causes an especially deadly form of brain cancer. They won't discover this officially for a few years of course. But do you really want to be one of the reasons that they decide to recall 50% of the tattoos made in 1998.

SAGITTARIUS NOV 22 - DEC 21

Avoid eating boiled crab. It isn't going to sit well and you might just embarrass yourself by pausing mid-sentence to whitewash your loved one with an unseemly soup of stomach acid, garlic bread, and shellfish meat. Don't spend more money than you can embezzle from your employer. I say this because a computer error is going to make your own savings and checking accounts disappear. This will be cleared up by August 23rd. But that is more than a month of having to survive on stolen bootyie.

CAPRICORN DEC 22 - JAN 19

Captain Xmakows (pronounced Hex Muk Eus) of the Grays is going to be taking one of you on board his Flying saucer on the 16th. You will be unconscious of course, but when you come to you will feel hung-over, though you haven't been drinking. Yes, you will have received an anal probe. Also, all you Caps should avoid bedwetting as your urine could be corrosive this month. So much so that if your bedding is synthetic, you could cause a fire from your own urine. Then what'll you do?

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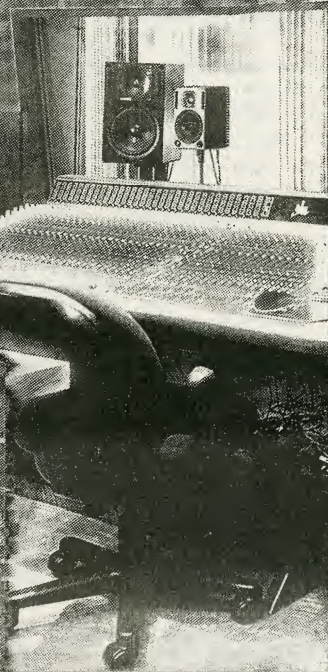
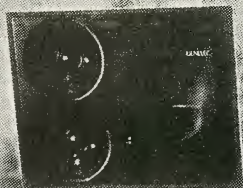
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Voodoo Glow Skulls
The Band Geek Mafia

The Casillas brothers do it again! Ska or punk. Ska or punk?! The horns rock my world—it's nice to see some talent behind all the ska hype. Percussion. Ska has such a Mexican feel to it anyway, it's nice to hear some of it en Espanol.

It's fun. Mad, but still fun. Still angst-ridden.

It's nice that they're brothers. Somehow that enhances things. This album kind of leaves you exhausted, but isn't that the point? I guess these guys are doing well in South America. That's something to think about. "Stranded in the Jungle" is worth buying the whole album, even if you hate the rest.

The Styrenes
We Care, so You Don't Have To

Cool. Very old school—whatever that means to you. It's damn cool, though. So --- old, hipster "cowboy." The songs are stories, and that's rare these days. There's some damn cool shit happening here. The tracks "Hour of the Gun" and "Westies" almost knocked me out. Talk about purity. Chill-giving purity. It's kind of like Lynnard Skynnard with a HUGE twist. This is serious shit. It will make you laugh if you don't understand, and you sure as hell won't hear it on pop-radio. I'm damn impressed.

FIST
Transcendence

I thought this stuff died in the early 90's. I guess they're really worked up about this album, but the guy sounds like the Queensryche singer. That's what ruined it for me. Suck.

The Specials
Guilty 'till Proved Innocent

Is bad grammar back in style? This is a fun album. The singing is good, and I must say that I am partial to bands in which the singers can actually do their jobs. It's rather "popular-music-esque" at times, but with a uniqueness. It's dancy, and reminds me of being in New Orleans at times. A few songs seem to repeat themselves several times on the album, but it's nice to move to. If you're into that whole ska scene, have a party.

Kilgore Smudge
A Search for Reason

R a g e
Against the Machine, only his voice is even more annoying. Oh well, you can still slam to it, and that's always fun. Lots of screaming. If you like modern, 5-chord thrasher

stuff, go here. I mean, there are songs called "Lullaby for your Casket," "Drop the Hammer," and "X." Need I say more?

Esthero
Breath from Another

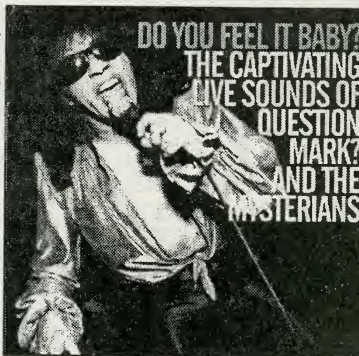
Samples used in truly creative, musical music are NICE. Rather trendy girl-voice, but done so well that the voice's lack of uniqueness doesn't really matter. Very nice beats—they have a unique sound. Very "Feely," mellow and sensual. It's very good musically. Very very very. Really cool stuff. A little feeling is always welcome, and there's even a touch of funk here and there.

-Kim Nash

Question Mark? And The Mysterians
Do You Feel It Baby? - The Captivating Live Sounds Of...
Norton

The Summer Of '98. The Summer of Oldies Festivals. What

with Mary Wilson claiming to front the Supremes (Where prey tell were Florence and Diana?), Stu Cook claiming John Fogerty's songs as his own and actually releasing an album covering cover songs (CCR was never wholly original.) under the name Creedence Clearwater Revisited and Steve Miller taking the "Space Cowboy Tour" on the road one year short of the song's 30th anniversary a new album from Question Mark and the Mysterians is no surprise. Based on the original band direction it isn't any surprise that oldies festivals aren't claiming them. The band has disbanded and reformed on at least three occasions. It is the original band.



Bobby Balderama joined in 1966 shortly after "96 Tears" was released. The recording comes from an October 1997 appearance and a January 1998 appearance. To state it bluntly the live show is probably only slightly

less energetic, slowed down and polished up from the '66 version. They only had two hits anyway and they only released two albums. Basically it's live versions of album material. The "hits," "I Need Somebody" and "96 Tears" compete for attention against salacious renditions of "Make You Mine," "Girl (You Captivate Me)," "Don't Tease Me" and "Love Me." Lyrics feature wild twists. For example, "you captivate me" becomes "you masturbate me." The Farfisa and the fuzz are present.

Question Mark's voice has lost nothing. He may be a lecher at the age of 58, but I'd rather see this lecher and his band, or Link Wray, or Dick Dale than Steve

Miller, Creedence Clearwater Revisited, James Taylor, Gordon Lightfoot or any stupid "oldies" festival. The CD is an interesting artifact if nothing else.

-Infidel

The Brian Setzer Orchestra
The Dirty Boogie
Interscope

I believe Mr. Setzer has listened to some modern stuff of late. His new album features a title song that has more than a passing Reverend Horton Heat influence. Is that Jimbo slapping the bass? It certainly isn't Lee Rocker and Setzer adopts the Reverend's vocal style. "This Old House" was written by Stuart Hamblin and I remember his version better than the Rosemary Clooney reference from the press kit. Shakin' Stevens most famously covered it back in the '80s. Don't worry, Steven's version isn't on some silly '80s compilation "they" ship by the box lot into Utah. Setzer does the song complete justice and it's time to mention the call and response backing vocalists. Eddie Nichols is one of them. Eddie who? God damn it! What the fuck is wrong with you swing kids? Eddie's the Royal Crown Revue singer and his girlfriend is Ruth Wilson, formerly of Flathead. This shit didn't start yesterday you know and Flathead recorded some as yet unreleased material with current members of Atomic Deluxe. Back to Setzer. He and his orchestra do a nice job with Santo and Johnny's "Sleepwalk." The big band treatment works splendidly and



after all these years Setzer shows more guitar depth than an old Budweiser commercial. His arrangements aren't bad either. Next up? "Jump Jive and Swing" is Louis Prima. Next up? Hopefully Gwen Stefani is hinting at a new No Doubt direction when she does a lounge-swing duet with Setzer for "You're The Boss." No one can ever say that "Rock This Town" was a bad song. Setzer dusts off

the counter culture connection



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shows more guitar depth than an old Budweiser commercial. His arrangements aren't bad either. Next up? "Jump Jive and Swing" is Louis Prima. Next up? Hopefully Gwen Stefani is hinting at a new No Doubt direction when she does a lounge-swing duet with Setzer for "You're The Boss." No one can ever say that "Rock This Town" was a bad song. Setzer dusts off the cobwebs, adds horns and an electric bass for the update. This version sounds even better than the original and if it's a hit all over again I might just shit myself. I'll also be sick and tired of it after about two weeks of constant airplay on "Modern Rock Radio." "Since I Don't Have You" is Setzer feeling sentimental, he covers Leiber and Stoller ("Nosey Joe") and Bobby Darin ("As Long As I'm Singing") and of course "Hollywood Nocturne" draws on "Harlem Nocturne." The lounge treatment Setzer and band give is justifiably mellow. Setzer's first two big band efforts were a bit flawed, good but flawed. With *The Dirty Boogie* he's finally accomplished something. He merged rockabilly electric guitar with a big band (17 pieces) and it is working. The album has the perfect mix of raw with overproduction. If it doesn't sell I'm hanging up my spectators. If it does, as previously mentioned, I'll hate it next month. That is elitism.

-Dude Man

Dino Martinis The Bottle Collector's Lounge

What the hell is this? Why...I do believe it's one of those trendy new swing bands...except I can't find the

covers. Well, there is one and a public domain song, but where the hell are Ellington, Calloway, Jordan and Turner? What is swing without covering Duke, Cab, Louie or Big Joe? Is it Prima? And what is up with the boogie woogie piano cat? New Orleans is the city famous for "When the Saints Go Marching In" and jazz invention. Take the piano/keyboard/organ, some rockabilly guitar, add a female singer, a hot plucker/slapper on bass, a drummer and one horn. One horn? You can't play swing without at least five or six horns...can you? Very few big bands exist today and what you are

Lindy Hoppin' to is actually small band swing and jump blues. That means '40s not '30s. I "jumped" on the Internet to research zoot suits because I'm "modern" and I'd rather spend 4 hours on the "net" than spend 15 minutes with a set of encyclopedias. Encyclopedias?

These Canucks get busy with the jump and since most of this music is played in lounges Nicole Brennan (female Dino Martinis vocalist), along with the band, ventures forth to the "California smoker's patio" before hitting the '60s with a Booker T. instrumental. Does anyone get the connection yet? Booker T and the MG's? Steve Cropper? The first Blues Brothers movie? Cab Calloway singing "Minnie the Moocher"? Come on. You kiddies saw the video long before *Swingers*. Next thing you know the Dino Martinis pull a Robert Gordon and name check their inspirations. Louis is indeed still the king, but the "Sing Sing Sing" reverence of "King Louie" sounds more like Jordan than Prima to me. But then again Brennan is female and Keely Smith never sang with Jordan.

The update is fully presented with the "shit-eating-grin" lyrics and fat guitar break of "Kick You Out The Door." "Shit-eating-grin" was unacceptable in the '40s and "cats and chicks" became white slang in the '50s - that takes care of "Might As Well Be Me." Please remember that the band is from Canada. In Utah it's all about "big beat" in trendy circles. The keyboard vibraphone imitation "Esquire Lounge" presents is more acid-lounge-jazz than jump and jive. The Dino Martinis take all forms of hipster music and place them in a '90s Betty Furness television advertisement. Yeah it's a little stupid in places, but the range still cooks in spite of uneven heating elements. These cats and a kitten even take a trip to the previously referenced New Orleans. The tune is "Bar-B-Que." As if all of that weren't enough the final song, "Churchin' Up," is San Francisco from about '69. Hippie all the way.

-Shopping Cart Man

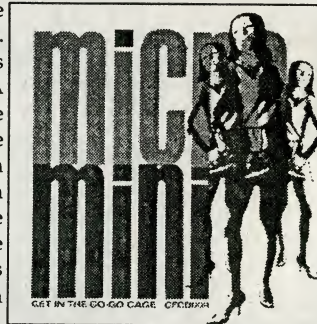
Getaway Cruiser 550 Music

Well isn't this a guilty pleasure? I'm surprised Getaway Cruiser isn't all over MTV and corporate radio by now. The elements are in place. A female chanteuse named Dina Harrison fronts the group. There are samples layered upon samples and

fer heck sakes, there is hip hop. Pras guests and the Butcher Brothers produced. The band features two brothers. Chris Peters plays guitar, harmonica, turntables and etc. Drew Peters plays guitar, Tascam 488, accordion, mellotron, piano and sings back-up. Dan Carroll is on drums and Mark Dundon plays bass. Live musicians, technology and hip hop - what else is there? Harrison has a studied

delivery that is part sensuous, part mysterious and part...machine-like and emotionless. This tactic works to instantaneous advantage. The first seconds of the opener, "I'm Fine (I Find)," capture any listener. Commonly when these tactics are employed the disc either fades off into mediocrity and/or the candy becomes boring with repetition. The disc becomes yet another in the forgotten '90s mass. The ruse can't hold up. All the hip hop and breakbeats in the world can't survive a throwaway music culture. I listened five times and the disc hadn't worn thin. Harrison's robotic emotion is certainly a factor but two items loom larger. The accordion and harmonica appear and shake off the drone. The song "Growing Out" is only one example. The day is saved by acoustic instruments. Harrison writes most of the lyrics and they are captivating glimpses into a female perspective on love and loss. Again? Overall the disc is hypnotic, lush, pretty and catchy as can be. Listen for Getaway Cruiser on the radio. They will be there. Meanwhile find a Getaway Cruiser sticker immediately. John Hobbs designed the logo and he combined the car with the girl.

-ZAG



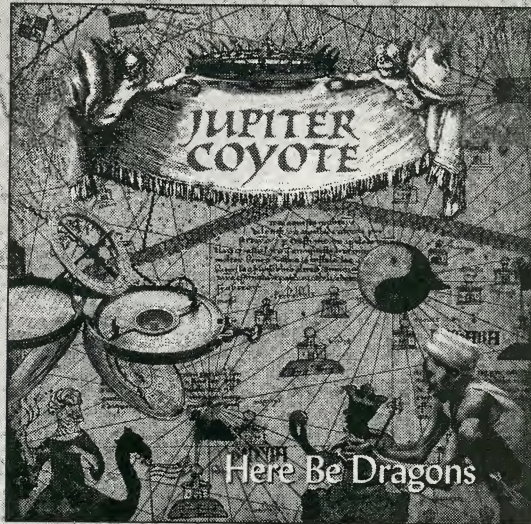
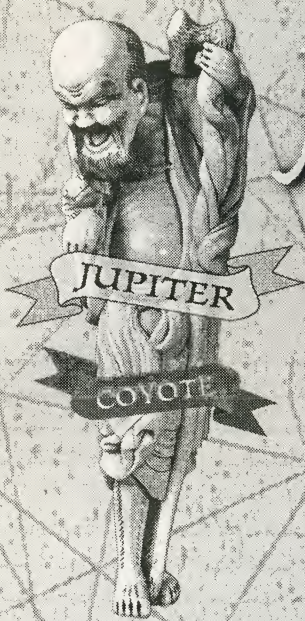
Indigo Swing All Aboard Time Bomb Recordings

Just like the lemming that I am I have recently discovered swing music. I bought Big Bad Voodoo Daddy's third, the Cherry Poppin'

Daddies sixth and Royal Crown Revue's second CDs and learned the difference between East Coast and West Coast. I took a swing lesson and learned to do arials almost as if I'd been raised in Harlem and thought that the Lindy Hop was invented in Los Angeles. I came to believe that the small band jump of the '40s

continued on pg. 32

JUPITER COYOTE



Here Be Dragons

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"Ship in the Bottle"

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Continued from 28

was actually the big band swing of the '30s. Next thing I knew Time Bomb sent an advance of Indigo Swing's new album for free. Since this is the fourth swing disc I've ever listened to I'll do my best to critique Indigo Swing. I've never listened to their 1996 debut, I swear on a stack of SLUG back issues that I haven't.

Indigo Swing's attraction was always the smooth. The band had the smoothest vocals, the smoothest horns and the piano touch. I'm sorry to burst the bubble, but the music presented on All Aboard is not swing.

J. Mike Perkins

Pop Rock From Texas
Whoppy Cat

J. Mike Perkins sent his CD all the way from Houston, Texas. He claims to be a music creator for 15 years. He claims to feature a former Berklee student on bass and guitar. What happens to all the Berklee students anyway? In the case of Gaston Rabou he hooked up with this J. Mike Perkins fellow. Mr. Rabou backs Mr. Perkins and a drummer named Steve Candelari. If the world manages to survive past the year 2002 and V. Vale writes an *Incredibly Strange Music Volume 3* look for J. Mike Perkins in the pages. Perkins begins his press release with a Marshall Crenshaw quote. "There's a sort of casual atmosphere to the tracks that I like and it's tuneful." Is that a recommendation? Perkins has a reedy voice and his lyrics are simply simple. "I wish I could turn off my feelings...I wish I could turn off my dreaming, sometimes...because the truth can be hard, sometimes." There's a song titled "She Talks A Lot (But Says Nothing)," which is apparently about a neighbor whose voice comes through the wall. A song about a mindless, jabbering female neighbor is "clever" according to Perkins. "I don't know why I love you like I do, but I wish I knew, I wish I knew." Of course the song is "I Wish I Knew." "Death Of A Porn Queen" con-

cerns the life and death of porn star Shauna Grant and Perkins knows her real name. He knows she was on the cover of *Hustler*, he claims she was one of the prettiest of all and he says that she lives on at the video rental store. His press materials say that the song is "dark humour." I'd say obsession is more like it. Rabou is kicked back and clean. Every now and then he'll step out and lay down a brilliant solo as if he were Glen Frey or Mark Knopfler. *Pop Rock From Texas* is



more singer/songwriter vanity pressing than "pop rock." The disc is nearly the weirdest thing I've ever discovered at SLUG headquarters. The mix places Perkins first and foremost and as he sings his eerie songs the band lays down some pleasing jams. It's like the two don't belong together. It's like an instrumental album and a solo singer album were combined in a studio and released as one. Strange, very strange.

-Panduffy

Jimmie Vaughan
Out There
Epic

"With his astonishingly accomplished guitar playing Stevie Ray Vaughan ignited the blues revival of the '80s. Vaughan drew equally from blues-men like Albert King, Otis Rush, and Muddy Waters and rock 'n' roll players like Jimi Hendrix and Lonnie Mack, as well as the stray jazz guitarist like Kenny Burrell, developing a uniquely eclectic and fiery style that sounded like no other guitarist, regardless of genre." That's cool and all but who was Stevie Ray's primary influence? Could it have been big brother Jimmie? The senior

Vaughan doesn't have the pyrotechnics. He has the tone Stevie Ray, if he'd lived, would have grown into. I apologize for mentioning Stevie Ray at all because new album doesn't have much to do with Stevie. This album has the likes of Greg Piccolo (tenor sax), Mac Rebennack AKA Dr. John (piano) and Bill Willis (B-3). The recordings took place in New York, Memphis, Texas, New Orleans and Burbank. It is a blues recording and not blues-rock.

The soul can't be denied. The men involved in the sessions are legends of a hundred scenes, a hundred one-night stands, a thousand heartbreaks and although they can never claim the "black" blues experience they've played the blues all their lives. "Positively Meant To Be" is nearly the best example. B-3, sweet guitar and doo wop vocals - Jimmie smoothes the vocals and plays sublime notes. Each of those notes has a thought behind it, for the flash look elsewhere. Down in Austin, at the SXSW music industry "conference" this man pretty much previewed the disc live. When Jack

and Jill Jones next door pull out Jonny Lang or Kenny Wayne Shepherd at the neighborhood Bar-B-Que spit on the coals and retrieve real white-boy blues from your "comfort zone." Make them listen to "Little Son, Big Son." That tune is an instrumental and the Son in the name means something besides a "healthy" tan. -Squeem

Madame X
Estrus Records

Madame X has a new EP out for hep cat indulgence and swinger ignorance. In case the reader has never encountered a Madame X recording previously instructive guidance is forth-

coming. The EP features six pieces. Madame X is always smoothly sensual. "Love For Free" is all smooth and "Paris Adult World" is all sensual. Madame X features nine backing musicians. A three piece horn section, a solo guitar, a solo bass, a solo percussionist and an assortment of three trade off on piano or organ. The genre is lounge jazz with numerous spy, surf and swing allusions. "Daylight Lover" jumps while allowing a swaying, not "rubbery," bass the lead. "Deadly Stranger" jumps even harder and while the bass is still swaying the horn section kicks in while Madame X sits out. Call it a full blown, lounge swing instrumental. Madame X is familiar with exotica. "Mad Monster Party" visits a previous evening's party exotically inquiring for a report. "Aged And Mellow Blues" is more Patsy Cline than Memphis Minnie. The entire band joins their Madame to close the dance. Lounge lizards, hipster daddy-o's and swing kids can all find something to enjoy with Madame X. Spy movie, secret agent and exotica enthusiasts of all persuasions can bask as



well.
- D u d e
Man
Micro
Mini
Get In the
Go - Go
Cage
Collective
Fruit

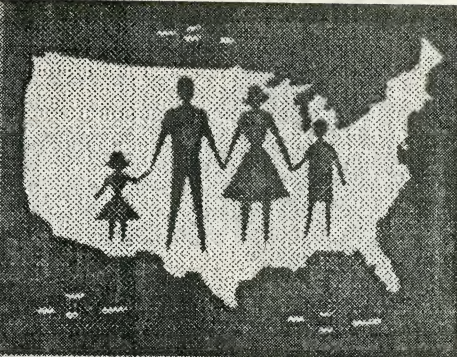
First
read the
"thank
you" list.

Tree Snyder is there with Barbara Mitchell, a Young Fresh Fellow and the Model Rockets. How did Tree get into the Seattle list? Blah, blah, blah. Insider name dropping, but the Model Rockets and Young Fresh Fellow's mention gives a hint. Micro Mini is a guitar pop band from Seattle. As SLUG has reported in the past, Seattle gave grunge to world, Seattle gave the world Paul Revere and the Raiders, Seattle gave the world the Wailers and the

Rejected titles for Dr. Suess Books.

1. The Cat in the Blender
2. Herbert the Pervert Likes Sherbert
3. Fox in Detox
4. Who Shat in the Hat?
5. Horton Hires a Ho
6. The Flesh-Eating Lorax
7. How the Grinch Stole Columbus Day
8. Your Colon Can Moo--Can You?
9. Zippy the Rabid Gerbil
10. One Bitch, Two Bitch, Dead Bitch, Blue Bitch
11. Marvin K. Mooney, Get the Hell Out!
12. Are You My Proctologist?
13. Yentl the Lentil
14. My Pocket Rocket Needs A Socket
15. Aunts in My Pants
16. Oh, the Places You'll Scratch and Sniff!
17. Horton Fakes an Orgasm
18. The Grinch's Ten Inches

vandals



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Sonics The world took Seattle, rubbed it in the mud and created Days of the New and Creed all the while proclaiming that grunge was dead. Grunge is dead. Seattle has guitar pop now. I guess Seattle always had guitar pop though. Micro Mini's new disc has tons and tons of harmony vocals. Lance Paine is the primary vocalist and rhythm guitarist, but the harmony is female. These days when a band has two males and two females the males are usually relegated to background vocal duty. That's just the way it is. When a female has the presence of mind to play lead guitar and sing background it is time to take notice. It appears that Amy Barnett is the female lead guitarist/harmony vocalist. Jennie Severn is the female bassist. The drummer is the male Nabil Ayers. Now we are getting someplace. The war between the sexes and the commercial viability of a female front person appear lost to Micro Mini. When the atmospherics of a rack of guitar pedals - most used by a female - are summed with pop sensibilities then an album results. Male/female harmonies, guitar prowess without the histrionics, a beat and a few songs. *Get In A Go-Go Cage* is certainly a relief and it is offered as proof that an underground does still exist and that Seattle hasn't sunk into the mediocre ocean quite yet. When visiting other states listen for Micro Mini on the radio.

-Jaded or Confused?

Red Aunts
Ghetto Blaster
Epitaph

E-Mail. Subj: Red Aunts
Break Up. Date: Wed, Jun 10,
1998 10:39 EDT. From: Jeff@epi-

taph.com. "After 7 years with virtually no support, we plan to go out as we came in - on fire, in a ball of flames, raging full force, oblivious to everyone else - thinking we are the best rock 'n roll group on the planet. Our 5th record is the perfect document of everything we wanted & tried to be. One day - maybe - our music will be spoken of instead of our sex." Allow me to begin with their sex. In modern times females rule the charts-females such as Paula Cole, Sarah MacLachlan, Jewel, Brandy, Spice Girls, Mariah Carey, Celine Dione and Vonda Shepard. The '90s are the decade of women in rock, except for one thing. Women who actually do rock don't get any attention. While the local and national press stumble all over each other in praise of Cole and even, for God's sakes, Vonda Shepard little respect was paid to the Red Aunts. Even the Donnass, a group of four female trash rockers, had press. The press was not actually based on the music, the press was for the novelty side - four female teenagers playing like the Ramones. *American Teenage Rock 'N' Roll*

Machine is pure bliss for those into the old school of punk. The Red Aunts have something better. Terri is on guitar and casio synthesizer, Kerry is on guitar and farfisa organ, Debi is on bass and wurlitzer organ and Lesley drums. Terri, Debi and Kerry all sing at one point or another and they are joined by several guests including two Dollrods. The keyboard action lends a helping hand to listeners fearing massive cerebral hemorrhage due to the incomprehensible shrieks, squawks, and feed-back dementia. "Cookin', Cleanin' and Cryin'" is the final song. This particular composition brings a male

backing chorus into a clearing-house of influence ranging from '60s garage, through early industrial experiments and even, (Dare I write this?) musique concrete. The tune is an Aunts response to house-bound suburbanites with Streisand destroyed hearing capacity. Feel the Aunts pain as they mourn your handicapped state. Once again it's 12 songs in about 32 minutes and each and every one is a keeper due to high creativity, surprising use of echo and an astonishing display of instrumental virtuosity. Who cares about gender? The Red Aunts say farewell with a tour. The band is in Las Vegas on July 15 and in Denver on July 17. Road trips are in order.

-Dour

The Quadrajets
Pay The Deuce
Estrus

"When I talked with them over a beer after a recent concert, I was surprised to find they were big Jazz fans." For the last several years the vast majority of music finding its way to SLUG Magazine includes a press release stating in five words or more that the band, unlike the radio, is playing rock 'n' roll. The all seeing



creator picked a dandelion and blew the seeds across the world. In every town rock 'n' roll bands exist. Salt Lake City has the Unlucky Boys, the Swamp Donkeys, the Scrotum Poles, the Classic Assholes, Yer Highness and others. I was researching "patriots" on the "net" and came across an abundance of material on "jack bootied thugs." The "jack bootied thugs" control all media and that is why rock 'n' roll isn't on the radio anymore. The Quadrajets have a three guitar attack and that is the idea behind Ken Vandermark's quote at the beginning. They aren't big Utah Jazz fans. They

are improvisers and car nuts. The idea is to transfer the energy of nitro fueled dragsters to rock 'n' roll. When the gasoline gargle of either The Cheetah, Jerome J. Jerome or Mr Hardwick's vocals are combined with Tim Kerr production, J.T Sharp's bass throbbing and K.T. Van-Zant's primitive attempts at rhythmic drumming major rock 'n' roll results. When Jerome J. Jerome sings "she don't need my love" and it sounds like "she don't eat my love," in "Get Yerself Something Nice," which also features guitar feedback straight out of Blue Cheer's riff bag and an uncredited harmonica gentleman stepping up to the mike, the blood pumps so hard that all cholesterol is cleansed from formerly blocked arteries. "Going Down" is another rod improvement exercise. It is important to note that music of such improvisational, jazzy and rock 'n' roll nature is foreign to many entertainment industry employees. It is best to investigate shops owned, operated and staffed by independent thinkers when in search of Quadrajets material. When such material is discovered jump around like a "Punk-inheaded Motherfucker" and love the freedom.

-Dude Man

Tilt
Collect 'Em All
Fat Wreck Chords

Remember that old Salt Lake City band Deviance? They moved to Boston and changed the name to 3 1/2 Girls before breaking up. Tilt's Cinder Block reminds me of Deviance's Sunshine. Sunshine simply sang Charlee Johnson's lyrics. Cinder Block writes all of Tilt's lyrics. Now allow me to move away from the Deviance reference. Deviance was trapped by the Misfits. Tilt plays thrash. The music isn't anything new. There must be 10 million punk rock bands on the planet now. High speed and well played needs more to achieve. Block is the achiever. If I were some important critic I'd write something such as "Block's voice lacks range and

she is at best a mediocre singer spitting out her words as only a female with a semi-sore throat can." Then I'd give the disc a B- or something. I can't reveal the "critic" here because he scans the Internet searching for any mention of his name. The trick to Tilt is Block's lack of range and her graphic lyrics. "Dear Wife" is a soldier's letter home. An anti-war song on a punk rock record in 1998? "Watch him as his dim eyes roll back in his head/See him struggling in his own filth to stand/Irretrievable and overfed, he reaches out with his desperate little hands." The tune is "Partial Birth" and the rich white pig is the apparent subject. In his early period Frank Zappa used to sing a lot about "plastic people." Block's update is "Collect Them All." The analogy is humans as plastic action figures. The "man" must collect them all and a quick look at the state of society says he's nearly succeeded. That is why punk continues forever and ever Amen. Tilt will appear at the Warped Tour; probably very early in the day. Arrive on time and start things off with a big huge pit and whatever items the morons decide to throw around this year.

-Decker

Storyville
Dog Years
Atlantic

Now that Kenny Wayne Shepherd is some kind of guitar God Storyville might have a bare chance of commercial success. This band has Steve Ray's rhythm section, John Mellencamp's guitarist and they have Malcolm. Kenny Wayne's singer can't touch Malcom. Malcolm is a practicing Buddhist and an albino. Malcolm has more soul and power in his voice than an entire cut-out bin filled with blue-eyed soul. Bonnie Raitt's guitarist Stephen Bruton produced the deal and what a deal it is. Raitt joins Shepherd in the "wish-I-could-do-that" line. "Who's Left Standing," the fourth song, leaves Page/Puff Daddy gasping for credibility.

"Two People" is so funky that the Zephyr Club's entire "funk" and "rock" calendars of the last four years have not matched Storyville's October 9, 1994 appearance. Malcolm, on record at least, has mellowed some since the *Bluest Eyes* debut. I have little doubt that the live performance still captures all of his intensity. *Dog Years* is so gorgeous I nearly cried.

-Elrod Hmm

Johnny Nocturne
Wild & Cool
Bullseye

"In 1989 saxophonist John Firmin formed a group to rekindle the power and grace of the four-horn frontline - 'a little big band' that could swing, bop and jump the blues and serve up a jazz melody as tasty as a martini." Grace and 1989 are the key words. I have nothing against a horn section. My problem is with over-powering horn sections. The quote reads power, not over-power. Brenda Boykin is the vocalist holding it all together. Another key is mentioned in the liner notes. This horn section is firmly locked in the "mellow West Coast harmony associated with the 'Four Brothers' edition of Woody Herman's band." The band swings hard and the band swings long all over *Wild & Cool*. Jump typically has a shouter, and Boykin can shout if the tune requires it, but the attraction is in the words mellow, harmony and grace. Since the roots are in jazz and blues, not ska, the laid-back nature of the recording will baffle those out to skank and jitter-bug. High flyers can go with "Zoot Suit Riot" on MTV and the rest will find this finger-poppin' music better for practicing the nuances and leaving the flash for the "fashion conscious." Guitarists, pianists, horn cats and stand-up bass men/women can find much to both learn and enjoy in the pits of *Wild & Cool*.

-Hair Farmer

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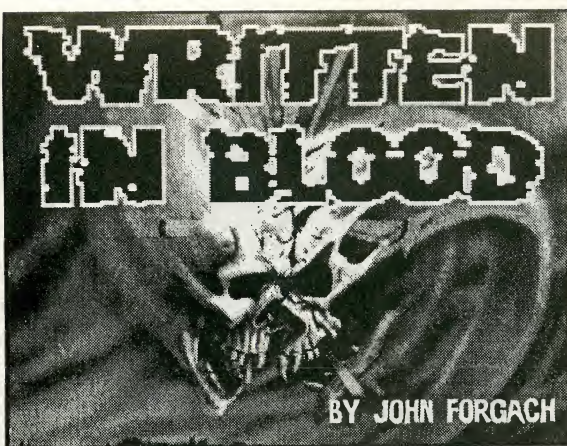
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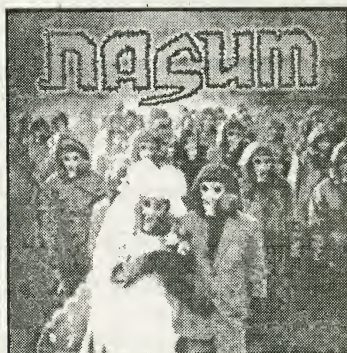


DARK FUNERAL VOBISCUM SATANAS Metal Blade

First off, a big "thanks" goes out to Steve Wadley for caring enough to write in when he didn't like my "Black Sabbath was never better than when Dio was in the band." statement. I really appreciate the letters people (or e-mails), but when you don't agree with me, remember you can also call me at 1-800-get-your-own-damn-column. Now for more of my broad, open minded, musical opinions.... There are many forms of music that I find annoying, black metal is one of them and this band Dark Funeral is a good reason why.

NARNIA AWAKENING Nuclear Blast

Rip-off. This guy is ripping off Yngwie Malmsteen so bad that Yngwie should feel violated. Trust me, this is no mere comparison. Narnia is two guys, Christian Liljengren (vocals) and Carl Johan Grimmark (guitars, bass, keyboards, vocals, drums and programming). Of course Grimmark's guitar playing is the focal point of the album. This guy's rhythms, the phrasing of his solos, his runs, licks - everything spells Yngwie.



Even the keyboards and bass lines are pure Malmsteen. There obviously weren't enough guys standing around during the writing or recording of these songs saying "Now don't you think THAT sounds a little too much like Yngwie?". This isn't even early Yngwie that I'm talking about, it sounds like ECLIPSE and FIRE AND ICE when even Yngwie sucked. In the "thank you" section Grimmark thanks Ritchie Blackmore and "My Strats" (sound

familiar? What do you want to bet that the necks of his Strats are scalloped?). At least this guy had enough sense to add Yngwie to the list. I think these guys are even Swedish. AAAAGGH-HH!! Is nothing sacred? If Yngwie Malmsteen was dead, he would be rolling in his grave right now.

BESEECH FROM A BLEEDING HEART Metal Blade

First Narnia now Beseech. Two metal bands from Sweden that suck? I never thought that I would see the day.

FEAR FACTORY OBSOLETE Roadrunner

On July 28th, after the fireworks of the 4th of July and Pioneer Day (in UT) are over, the real explosions will be felt. The latest war between man and machine will take place in the form of Fear Factory's, OBSOLETE. Fear Factory has always embraced the technological elements of their songs, which were most evident on 97's remixed, full-length EP, REMANUFACTURE. While the band's ultra tight, ultra clean sound still benefits from techno-manipulation, the human element of Fear Factory still bleeds through the pummeled sound waves to the listener. Rhys Fulber, formerly of Front Line Assembly, produced OBSOLETE and



also added keyboards to the songs. The lyrics of OBSOLETE deal with man's creation and dependence on machines, "Man has created these machines to make his life easier but in the long run it made him obsolete. The machines he created are now destroying him. Man is not the primary citizen on Earth." This is totally Fear Factory, but as any F.F. fan has come to expect, experimentation is a staple in the evolution of the Fear Factory sound. Check out the twelve-piece string section used on the tracks "Resurrection" and "Timelessness".

KONKHRA WEEK OUT THE WEAK Metal Blade

I would have no problem if every album recorded for the rest of 1998 sounded like Konkhra's, WEEK OUT THE WEAK. This is heavy, heavy thrash the way it was meant to be played. Well thought-out rhythms, grooving drum beats, ample bass presence, death vocals and (praise the lord) killer solos. Konkhra was formed in the early '90's. The band got busy early releasing two full-lengths, a couple of EPs and a video before two of the band members departed. This left Anders Lundemark (guitar/vocals) and Thomas "Gnist" Christensen (bass) scrambling to find replacements. A couple of "shady" deals later and in come Chris Kontos on drums (ex-Machine Head) and the Mighty (my description) James Murphy on guitar. All I have to say about this is it's a good thing Lundemark had the

good judgment to bring in a gunslinger of Murphy's caliber rather than try to peck out a solo like a chicken at a typewriter himself. Nothing kills a good metal album quicker than crappy solos, as far as I'm concerned. What more can I say, other than, **WEED OUT THE WEAK** will be out on July 14th.

NASUM **INHALE/EXHALE** Relapse

Brutal, extreme grind-core is what Sweden's, Nasum does best. Actually, it's this form of music that Nasum plays exclusively. Formed in 1992 by Anders Jakobson (guitar) and Rickard Alriksson (drums/vocals), the band picked up second guitarist Mieszko Talarczyk (who would later replace Alriksson) before recording a 7" for the German label Poser-slaughter. More 7" releases, demos and appearances on compilations would follow before the band was picked up by Relapse sometime in 1997. By this time Mieszko had his own studio where the duo recorded 42 songs in a two month period, 38 of those tracks became **INHALE/EXHALE**. Nasum's sound has been compared to early Napalm Death. While this is a fair comparison, Nasum's sound is a bit more polished than early Napalm, which serves the band best by letting the heaviness shine through without all of the clutter.

PRO-PAIN "BEST OF" Mayhem

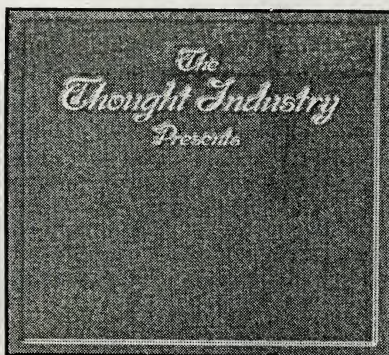
Pro-Pain is releasing a "best of" album with songs from their first three albums. If you want to hear songs from the band's fourth album, well, your just going to have to go buy it. This "best of" release also features a previously unreleased track from the **FOUL TASTE OF FREEDOM** sessions, titled "Take It Back". The last three tracks were recorded live in Germany. Pro-Pain, a band that averages 250 shows a year, are cur-

rently touring and breaking in Dave Chavarri's drumming replacement Mike Hanzel.

THUMB **EXPOSURE** Victory

Look for the band Thumb to gain **EXPOSURE** in the U.S. market when they play the first 16 dates of the Warped Tour. Thumb was formed in Germany in 1993 and this summer will mark the band's first appearances and release of their new album here in the U.S.. Get your old skateboarding magazines out. Apparently, singer Claus Grabke made quite a stir in the scene back in the '80's. In 1981 Claus rode for Titus Skates and then in '85 was a pro rider for Powell Peralta. Later moves found Claus with Madrid and then Santa

Cruz. This skating wonder was German champion 11 times, European champion 4 times, won over 20 European cups and placed 4th and 6th in the official world championships. When Thumb was being formed, the final addition to the band was one of Claus' skating comrades, German pro rider Jan-Hendrik Meyer on bass.



THOUGHT INDUSTRY **RECRUITED TO DO GOOD DEEDS FOR THE DEVIL** Metal Blade

Thought Industry is fast becoming one of my favorite bands. Their last two albums really won me over. **RECRUITED TO DO GOOD DEEDS FOR THE DEVIL** is a "best of" and really captures what this band is all about. Don't get this "best of" album confused with the "take songs directly from all of our albums" approach to putting one of these together. All of the Thought Industry favorites that appear on this release have been reworked, remixed or recorded live. A few unreleased songs and a cover were also included. Many of the reworked and live songs on **RECRUITED TO DO GOOD DEEDS...** are taken from **OUTER SPACE IS JUST A MARTINI AWAY** and **BLACK UMBRELLA**. If you don't have those albums you might want to get them first so you'll know what the original versions sound like.

THOSE NASTY SOUTHERN BAPTISTS

Continued from Page 21

in sound and diversity. Some of these are soon-to-be punk-rock-classics. "Blood-clot" and "1998" fit into this category. "New Dress" and "Warsaw" are political anthems for the 90's. "Hoover Street" is a song about junkies who have nothing left, but at least they know where they're at. "Who Would've Thought" is a cheesy love song. I particularly enjoyed "Crane-fist." This is a little better than I have come to expect from Rancid, and it's certainly no "Sandinista" but it is a fun homage to that classic album.

P.B.

TRUNK FEDERATION The Curse of Miss Kitty

This is the second album from these Phoenix boys, and as I listen to it, I can't help but think that the 120-degree temperatures of their hometown have finally gotten to them. This band is one of those listenable, yet at the same time, unlistenable bands kind of in the same vein as Mercury Rev or the Flaming Lips. Like those bands, this is sonic, psychedelic pop music with a charming quirkiness and fucked-up melodies. They cover Boomtown Rats' "I Don't Like Mondays" in a subtle, psychotic fashion that would probably make Bob Geldof proud. The songs that really stand out, though, are their odd originals "Apples," "Levitations and Disappearances" and "The Curse." "Opposite Attractions" is a song that we can all relate to—that universal problem of dysfunctional love. The only problem with this album is its length. At just under forty minutes, by the time you've decided that you officially like it, the noisy ramblings have come to an end. Definitely a good sophomore effort.

P.B.

ILL-EASE

Live at the Gate

Ill-ease is a one-woman show. Elizabeth Sharp does everything here. She plays all instruments, including drums, guitars and xylophone, as well as the vocals. Her lyrical inspirations seem to come from the early years of rock 'n' roll, but the music seems to be inspired by hip-hop and tacky drum machines. "The Early Stuff" is written around a Jerry Lee Lewis piano line. "Bury Me at Sea" borrows from Roy Orbison. Elvis Presley and Chuck Berry are also borrowed from. But, that does not mean that this is a Sun Sessions recording. This sounds more like the younger demonic sister of Beck. The song "Walking Pneumonia" is a "fuck everyone" classic. Elizabeth also offers free fashion advice upon request.

P.B.



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AJ MILLER

1971-1998

This past fourth of July, A.J. Miller died....

She was a dear friend of all of ours here at Slug and to many others as well. I had a special relationship with her, though everyone who knew her would probably say the same thing if asked.

She was the managing editor of this magazine for too short a time. Record company guys all over the country fell in love with her voice. We all fell in love with her too. She was the coolest. When she left I argued with her. I didn't want her to leave, but we both knew she was leaving. Months later we kissed and made up. I also worked with her at Salt City CDs where she got to share her superb taste and funny heart with so many. She loved music. She loved people and when she smiled she made you feel foolish, as though you'd missed the joke. A.J. always had something about her that left a sweet taste in your mouth. She was strong and confident and she would call bullshit on you if you were deserving. She cared about people. She sat at my wedding rehearsal dinner. She drove me home when I was too drunk to drive. I am fortunate to have known her. Our friend Trace said "she knew the secret of life to be kindness". Truer words were never spoken.

The last time I saw A.J., I was with Mark Ross who is also a close friend of hers. We were sitting at Brewvies and when she saw us, she waited. We thought it strange that she didn't come over to us. She waited till she was ready to leave and then waved goodbye like she never had before. Then she blew us a kiss and she was gone. Something A.J. never did.. That sweet taste is in my mouth still...

I will remember you always.

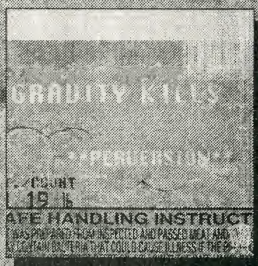
Love, Gianni

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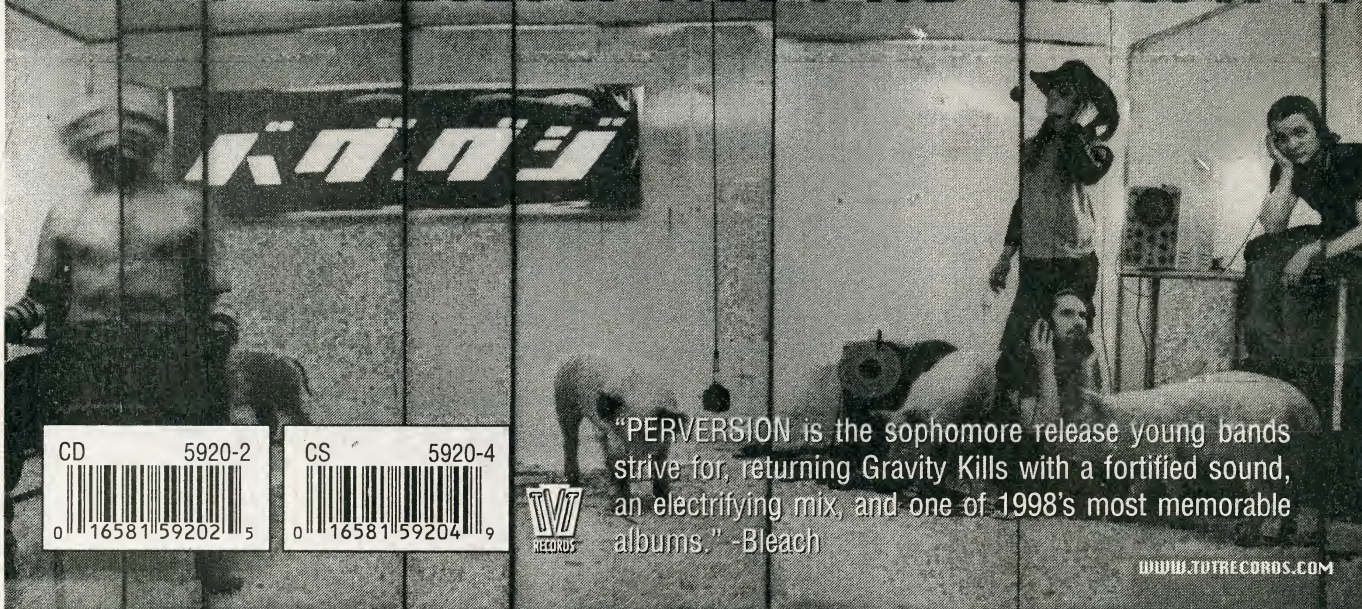
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